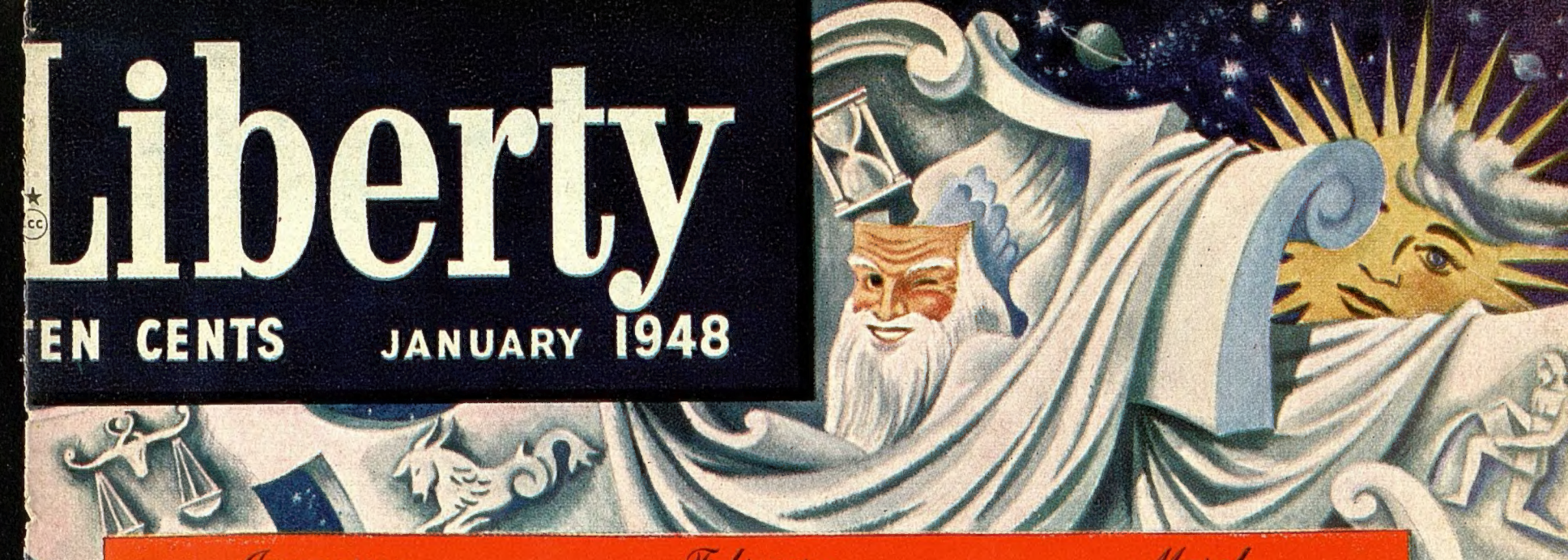
Liberty

TEN CENTS JANUARY 1948



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Kinsey

Drink of the Month

Gift of the Year

Jan. – Feb.

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KINSEY TODDY: *Put lump of sugar into mug, fill with ⅔ boiling water. Add 2 oz. Kinsey, stir, garnish with lemon slice.*

Mar. – Apr.

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KINSEY HIGHBALL: *Pour 1 jigger smooth, flavor-full Kinsey into glass full of ice cubes. Add ginger ale, soda or water.*

May – June

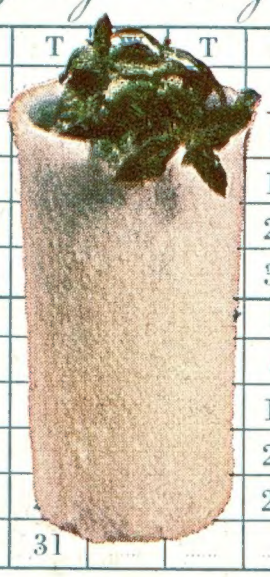
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KINSEY SOUR: *Mix juice of ½ lemon, ½ tsp. powd. sugar, 2 oz. Kinsey. Shake with ice, strain into glass, decorate as shown.*

July – Aug.

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KINSEY JULEP: *Bruise mint in tall glass. Add tsp. powd. sugar, 2 oz. Kinsey. Fill with shaved ice. Stir. Top with mint.*

Sept. – Oct.

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KINSEY MANHATTAN: *2 part Kinsey... 1 part sweet vermouth...1 dash bitters... stir with cracked ice. Strain. Add cherry.*

Nov. – Dec.

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19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	.....



KINSEY OLD FASHIONED: *½ lump sugar ...2 dashes bitters...3 tsp. water. Muddle. Add 2 oz. Kinsey, ice cube, fruit.*

Want to make or keep a friend?
Here's the Christmas gift to send!

KINSEY

SINCE 1892



the unhurried whiskey

for unhurried moments



GOLD LABEL *Rich, Full-Bodied*
SILVER LABEL *Mellow, Light*

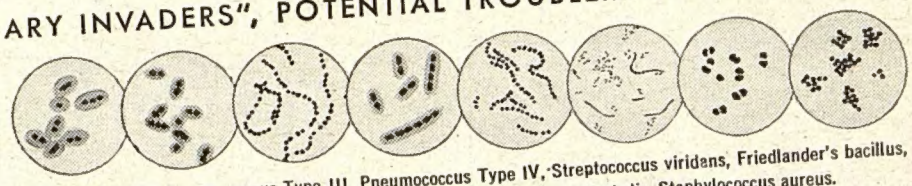
BLENDED WHISKIES: *Gold Label—86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Silver Label—86.8 Proof. 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.*



Get after GERMS before they get after you!

"SECONDARY INVADERS", POTENTIAL TROUBLEMAKERS

These are some types of the threatening germs that cause so much of the misery of a cold when they invade the body through throat membranes.



LEFT TO RIGHT: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus, Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.



At the first sign of a COLD or SORE THROAT

Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

This prompt precaution may help "nip a cold in the bud", so to speak, or lessen its severity. Here's why:

Listerine Antiseptic quickly kills millions of threatening germs called "secondary invaders". . . the very ones that many authorities hold responsible for much of the misery of a cold.

Reduces Surface Germs

In other words, Listerine Antiseptic attacks germs before they attack you . . . helps guard against a mass invasion of bacteria into the throat tissues.

Repeated tests have shown that 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle germs on the mouth and throat surfaces were reduced as much as 96.7%, and as much as 80% one hour after.

So, at the first hint of a throat tightness, a sneeze, or a sniffle, gargle with Listerine Antiseptic . . . quick!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Tests made during a 12 year period showed
FEWER COLDS, MILDER COLDS
for twice-a-day users of LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Tasted that eye-opening MINT flavor of the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste? NEW formula contains 25% more Lusterfoam!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Ah! There's good news . . . GOOD NEWS for 1948!

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M gives America a youthful, tuneful, joyous shot in the arm in the form of the gayest, fastest-paced film ever brightened by Technicolor magic.

★ ★ ★ ★

And if ever a picture was perfectly titled, it's "GOOD NEWS"!

★ ★ ★ ★

The motion picture version is far better than the original Broadway musical hit, a really bang-up job.

★ ★ ★ ★

You'll like the way they do "The Best Things In Life Are Free", "Varsity Drag", "My Blue Heaven" and the title song.



June Allyson gives an acting, singing and dancing performance which makes us remember how she first caught the public eye.

★ ★ ★ ★

Peter Lawford, teaming with her, fulfills his promise as the most personable romantic lead on the screen.

★ ★ ★ ★

With them are a group of lively young Broadway personalities from musical comedy hits who justify their invitation to Hollywood, including Patricia Marshall, a new find; Joan McCracken of "Oklahoma" fame who is, in a word, great; and Mel Torme, the newest croonsmith.

★ ★ ★ ★

The direction by Charles Walters has breakneck pace. The producer is Arthur Freed, who will be remembered for "Meet Me In St. Louis".

★ ★ ★ ★

Betty Comden and Adolph Green have handled the script in a way that keeps you feeling young and gay and wanting to live your love all over again.

★ ★ ★ ★

Yes, you're bound to agree that "GOOD NEWS" is just that!

—Leo



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By William Cleaver

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726 Simple Facts About Venereal Diseases
782 Psycho-Analysis and the Mind and Body
784 Tests Used in Psycho-Analysis
800 Sex in Psychoanalysis
846 Womanhood: Facts of Life
864 Confidential Chats With Husbands

Miscellaneous

814 How to Raise and Train Cats and Dogs
986 How to Talk and Debate
987 The Art of Kissing
988 The Art of Courtship
997 Simple Home Cooking Recipes
1003 How to Think Logically
1009 Typewriting Self Taught
1018 Humorous Limericks
1023 Popular Recitations
1040 Bedtime Stories
1043 Study of Woman. Balzac
1069 Conquest of Fear
1070 How to Fight Nervous Troubles
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1092 Simple Beauty Hints
1093 Amusing Puns
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1109 Spanish Self Taught
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1207 French Self Taught
1209 Charming Hostess (Entertainment Guide)
1221 Facts About Will Power
1292 Best Short Stories
1320 How to Get a Husband
1340 How to Get a Job
1341 Unusual Menus
1342 Typical Love-Problems
1354 Book of Striking Similes
1413 My Prison Days
1418 Broadway Gangsters and Their Rackets
1419 Curious Deaths
1430 Shorthand Self Taught
1434 How to Think Clearly
1436 Strange Marriage Customs
1476 What to Know About Your Sensations
1508 Facts About Poisons
1524 Famous Eccentric Americans
1548 Chinese Cook Book
1562 How to Live Long
1633 Exploits of a Fiddler
1677 How Army and Navy Fight Venereal Diseases
1710 The Magic of Numbers
1712 Great Dates in History
1714 Determinism vs. Free Will
1717 Religion and Progress
1719 Inge's Apology for Christianity
1721 Gambler's Luck
1727 Fifty Famous Sauces
1738 How to Win Prize Contests
1739 Hints on Developing Personality
1740 True Prison Escapes
1746 Mediums' Tricks and Rackets Exposed
1753 Why Many Women Are Unattractive
1756 Simplified Cook-Book
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ONE MAN CROWD



YOU are leading not one life—but several!

Part of the day you are a *producer* of goods or of services.

If you carry insurance, have a bank account, or own property, stocks or bonds, you are an *investor*. (On this score practically everybody in America is a capitalist and wishes he were more so.)

And most important of all, you are a *citizen*. Asleep or awake you enjoy the rights and responsibilities of living in these United States.

So just because you consider yourself primarily a "worker" or a "stockholder" or a "manager," you don't have to be *against* all the other kinds of people you are. Anyone selling class against class or group against group in this country is grinding an axe—or a sword.

As an American you're already a one man crowd. Don't be a sucker besides.

For a continuation of this discussion of how everybody's life is made up of many co-operating roles in our American free-private-enterprise society, write for our pamphlet 40-F.

SMALL BUSINESS ECONOMIC FOUNDATION
INCORPORATED
DeWitt Emery, President
122 West Monroe St., Chicago 3, Illinois

Liberty ★ VOX POP ★

The voice of the people

Sizzles

SUNNYVALE, CALIF. — Just read the article, What German Girls See in American Men (November issue) and wish to say that this swell article has opened our eyes to the potential dangers of those who take what others create, both as a nation and as individuals.

The attractive qualities of



American men were taught, demanded, and expected of them from the hand that rocks the cradle and bends the twig. If German girls had the courage, initiative, and intelligence of American women, they would not remain dominated, but would go after their own rights as individuals and create the kind of world they prefer.—*Avis Henning.*

It was a toss-up which of the batch of letters from wives, mothers, cousins, and aunts to print. But the other sex, almost to a man, went all strong and silent—well, anyway, silent.—VOX POP EDITOR.

Calling All Gals

BAKERSFIELD, CALIF. — While so much excitement is being created by the idea of lengthening women's skirts, why



don't they do something about men's shirttails? All that I can get hardly go to the waistband of my pants. Reminds me of a coat a fellow once tried to sell me. As I am pretty tall, I asked him if it was a short coat. He replied that it was not entirely Seymour, but was pretty darned badly abbreviated. We used to call 'em "Seymour coats" when they were too short and one could see more man than coat.

So come on, gals, have at 'em! —LEN WHITTEMORE.

Likes Her Art High?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—The November issue is fine except the gent on the cover. I still haven't looked to see who he



is, but he is just another man to me. I see lots of them. Give with more interesting covers. Kids or dogs or even a skunk.—*Dulcie Brown.*

Next November

CABOOL, MO.—The cover picture of Governor Dewey and the article entitled The Truth About Dewey sold me your November issue. As a Republican, I voted for him in 1944, and will undoubtedly vote for him in 1948 if he then is our leader.

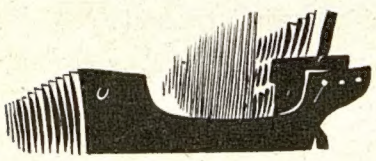
My impression is that he wants to be President, and he now so cleverly plays politics that he overlooks the need for telling the country where he stands on important domestic questions. All of the serious problems are not in foreign lands.

We can't win with Taft. Dewey is more likely. But Stassen must not be overlooked. Some of his public statements are very interesting. We now know the direction of his thinking.

Don't overlook the Middle West in 1948.—*G. W. Van Fleet.*

Oil Ahoy

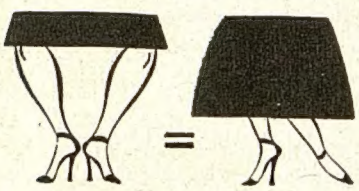
SAN PEDRO, CALIF.—In Washington, by Robert S. Allen (November issue), under the heading "Gold" Oil, he refers to a shortage of tank ships. Just let Mr. Allen go to the James River above Norfolk and feast his eyes on the largest fleet of modern tank, cargo, and all manner of ships. They are steam-turbine driven and make 15 to 18 knots, comparable to any vessels in the world. They can be made ready in 12 hours



and will haul and store enough oil to smother the eastern seaboard and Europe too.—*E. H. Holston, ex-Chief Officer, ex-Master.*

Bacon And

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—We can make our economy work so it will give a satisfactory standard of living to all, at all times. When we do that, Communism will die here, in Europe, and in Russia, for people everywhere would rather have bacon and freedom than just bacon.—*J. A. Sorensen.*



Ioway Answers Up

DES MOINES, IOWA—
Does anyone really know
the woe
Of a girl whose legs are
inclined to bow?
My face is really fairly
sweet,
My torso has been called
quite neat. . . .
I really would look good.
But oh,
My legs are so inclined to
bow!
So for longer dresses I'll
agree.
Fact is, I'm happy as can
be.

—MRS. JO CRUMLEY.

M-m-mellow
M-m-mouthwatering
M-m-magnificent!



HEINZ 57
Oven-Baked
BEANS
blessed with a sauce
that fairly sings!



2 KINDS -
with and without pork



Ever wish you were Aladdin?

You remember him . . .

He was the lucky fellow who found a magic lamp. It gave him everything he wished for—from diamond-crusted palaces to a sultan's daughter as his bride.

You've probably wished a lot of times for a miracle like this to happen to you.

Maybe not for out-of-this-world treasures, but for something that will take care of the things that are bound to come up.

Like medical expenses, or college for the kids. Or maybe just for the nice, safe feeling it gives you to have some extra money put aside for the future.

Though no magic is involved, there is a way to give you this security. The Payroll Savings Plan.

Or, if you're not eligible for the Payroll Plan but have a checking account, the new Bond-a-Month Plan.

Either way, it's almost unbelievable how quickly your money accumulates.

Where else can you get such a *safe*, generous return on your money ($4 for every $3)? It's so simple—so easy, you hardly miss the money that you're saving.

And don't forget—at the same time, you're *making more*!

Next to a magic lamp, there's no better way than this to make sure your future is secure.

Save the easy, automatic way . . . with U.S. Savings Bonds

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The Advertising Council

Liberty

★ JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES ★

DURING the past few months we have been making big plans for Liberty in 1948. Our aim is to continue our endeavor to turn out the liveliest, most readable book on the newsstands. Your response to Liberty—the sellouts which greet every issue—indicates that you like us. We are successful.

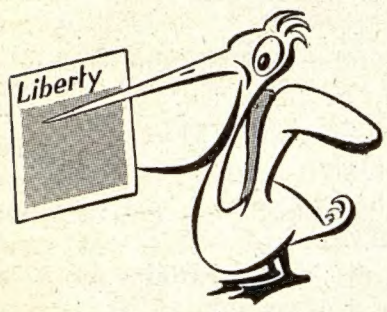
You will note that one of the important differences between Liberty and other magazines is the brevity of Liberty fiction and articles.

This is based on careful, extensive surveys of readership tastes. Short short stories and one-page articles invariably get the highest readership. We aim to be well read, and that is why Liberty's stories are shorn of excess verbiage. Liberty's book condensations bring you the gist of lengthy best sellers in less than 10,000 words. Liberty saves you time and money!

RECENTLY we were able to hotfoot it to Hollywood, there to confer with Liberty's renowned West Coast editor, Elizabeth Wilson, and to line up our crop of 1948 Hollywood pieces. We made so many good friends there that parting was indeed sorrow, and not sweet sorrow either. Frankly, we hated to leave such wonderful people as Baby and Bogey, Bill Howard and his lovely Dorothy Lamour, Merle Oberon and Lucien Ballard, Dolores Moran and producer-husband Ben Bogeaus, Walter Wanger and Joan Bennett, Irene Dunne, Loretta Young, Billy de Wolfe, Barbara Bel Geddes, "Mousy" Powell, Charley and Virginia Farrell (who graciously invited us to their sumptuous Racquet Club in Palm Springs), Hedda Hopper, Bette Davis, Paramount chief Henry Ginsberg, Hal Wallis, Charlie Einfeld and company, Jesse Lasky, Dudley Nichols, Herbert Yates, Louella and Harriet Parsons, Darryl Zanuck, Anita Colby, Jack Benny, Dore Schary, Eddie Goulding, and particularly the many publicists who, while not known to the public, are cherished by us. They

would rather see their clients' names in print, anyway.

WE are glad to call to the attention of Liberty readers a great book by one of the family. Bob Allen, whose penetrating Washington low-down enlivens these pages every issue, has come up with Lucky Forward, a book-length low-down on General Patton and the Third Army. Lucky Forward (titled after the code designation for Patton's battle command post) is bound to clear up a lot of illusions about Washington brass hats, if any remain—illusions, that is. The burden of the book is that a great many thousand G.I.s would be alive today, and the war in Europe would have ended many months sooner, if the map-and-pointer commanders hadn't stymied the Third Army every time it got started. Allen ought to know, inasmuch as he was an officer in General Patton's Military Intelligence section. In other words, Bob is not talking through his brass hat—as if he ever could! Read it and weep.



THERE is no other way to describe the February Liberty except to say that this issue, perhaps more than any other issue published in years, is a *must* for all readers of Liberty fiction. Beginning in February, Liberty will carry the most exciting serial story published in the last decade. It is entitled The Man with My Face, and the author is that all-time favorite of Liberty readers, Samuel W. Taylor. This is no mere puff to get readers for the next issue. I personally assure you that The Man with My Face is unlike any fiction you have read in years, and that the first installment is worth the purchase price of the February issue alone. 'Nuff said.
—*D. B.*

"Down the MISSISSIPPI"...
went many a barrel of James Crow's famous whiskey

To the far corners of the land,
Colonel Crow's superb Kentucky whiskey carried
his fame. Today, it is known and enjoyed
throughout the world.



THOSE IN THE KNOW~
ASK FOR

OLD CROW



SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT - BOTTLED · IN · BOND

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof • National Distillers Prod. Corp., New York

Liberty ★ **WASHINGTON** ★ By ROBERT S. ALLEN

TOM CLARK ON WAY OUT?

On the Skids • **Tall, bumbling Tom Clark is definitely on the way out as Attorney General. No specific time has been fixed for his exodus. But the gabby Texan will be out of the Truman Cabinet before the gongs sound for the 1948 conventions. The White House has decided Clark is too much of a load to carry into the election battle.**

Actually, he was on the verge of elimination last spring. But he was saved by the G.O.P. clamor for an investigation of the Kansas City vote frauds. The White House felt Clark's replacement then would appear "under fire"; that the Republicans had forced his ouster.

Clark is aware the ax is hanging over him. That explains his noisy trust-busting and other crusading gestures. He is trying vigorously to build up his political and public appeal.

Top among possible successors discussed in the inner circle are former Senator Burton K. Wheeler, Montana, and Georgia's ex-Governor Ellis Arnall.

Roosevelt Saga • If you have been trying to follow the flood of books on the late Franklin D. Roosevelt, you "ain't seen nothin' yet." To the pyramid published this year will be added a still higher pile in 1948.

Top among the numerous memoirs already scheduled for printing next year are those of former Secretary of State Cordell Hull, former Interior Secretary Harold Ickes, Admiral William D. Leahy, and the late Harry Hopkins. Famed playwright Robert Sherwood is completing the Hopkins book.

Top Secret • **Most closely guarded building in Washington is neither the White House nor the gold-laden Treasury. It is the structure housing the Atomic Energy Commission.**

The AEC's security system is elaborately meticulous. Most of it is highly secret. But this much can be revealed: There is a special security staff, headed by Byron LaPlante, former Counterintelligence officer. Both the inside and outside of the building are protected by an electric-eye system. No papers are allowed to lie around loose, and everything must be locked up in vaults after working hours. To test the security system, a specifically trained crew periodically attempts to break into the building and obtain documents.

Out on a Limb • President Truman's running mate in 1948 will be Defense Secretary James Forrestal. . . . Christmas business this year will top that of 1946 by at least 10 per cent. . . . Britain will definitely evacuate Palestine in March. . . . Former Housing Administrator Blandford will head the new agency set up to administer the Marshall Plan. . . . Congress will pass a bill allowing husbands to split income with their wives for tax purposes. . . . Henry Wallace will run as a delegate to the Democratic Convention from New York State. . . . Senator Arthur Vandenberg, Michigan, will retire at the end of his term.

WAA Finale • **Able, plain-talking War Assets Administrator Robert M. Littlejohn is quietly hammering away at a new record in bureaucracy-ridden Washington. He is bent on working himself out of a job by next June.**

WAA still has over $5 billion in property on its hands; two thirds of it in "white elephant" real estate, such as airfields and training camps. Also, the Army and Navy will dump an additional $1-to-$3-billion surplus on WAA.

In the 18 months he has been in office, Littlejohn has disposed of nearly $14 billion in surplus stocks, three times the amount previously sold.

"The General of the Armies" • For more than a quarter of a century, in one of the tall-ceilinged, old-fashioned corridors of the old State, War, and Navy Building, opposite the White House, has hung a small gold-lettered sign reading: "The General of the Armies." The sign marks the office of General John J. Pershing.

It has been many years since the World War I commander has been in the office. But it is still kept open for him and will be as long as he lives. The only occupant is an Army officer who takes care of mail and rare telephone calls.

Now 87, Pershing has resided in recent years at the Army's Walter Reed General Hospital in Washington. He has a special suite, which he has not left for some time. He sees occasional visitors, among them Secretary of State Marshall, who was Pershing's aide in World War I.

Conclusive Proof • **Early in his career, Massachusetts' Senator Leverett Saltonstall was an assistant district attorney. One of his first cases was a bootlegging charge.**

Saltonstall submitted to the jury what he considered irrefutable proof that a certain hour on a certain day the alleged violator had sold a gallon jug of moonshine. Then he announced, "The State rests," and sat down.

The judge asked the defendant what he had to say.

"Only this, your Honor," was the quiet reply. "I couldn't have sold that liquor then because I was out in my shed making it."

Without leaving their seats, the jury voted acquittal.

Around the Circuit • White House attachés estimate that by the time the winter social season is over, President Truman will have shaken hands with more than 25,000 guests. . . . Defense Secretary James Forrestal frowns on officers wearing uniforms in the Pentagon; ordered his aides to wear civvies. . . . Thirteen Southern states are still paying $3,000,000 annually in pensions to Confederate veterans and widows. Less than 100 veterans are still living, but more than 5,000 widows are drawing pensions. . . . The Navy estimates 250 Japs are still hiding out in the hills on Guam. . . . This year, 900,000 World War II veterans reinstated their lapsed government insurance. . . . As a result of the loyalty check being made of all government employees,

the FBI's staff has more than doubled in the past six months.

U. N. Speeders • **Immune from arrest because of the diplomatic status of their employers, United Nations chauffeurs have acquired an unenviable reputation as reckless speeders. Their casual attitude toward breakneck speeds is graphically illustrated by the recent experience of an American driving to Lake Success with Argentina's José Arces.**

The big car roared along the highway at a terrific clip. Looking at the speedometer, the American was scared out of his wits to find the needle hovering around 135. Breathless, he asked the chauffeur, "Is that speedometer correct?"

"Oh, yes," was the nonchalant reply. "But that ain't 135 miles an hour. It's only kilometers."

(Even 135 kilometers is not idling. It's more than 80 miles an hour.)

Swap • During an interview, Robert R. Young, crusading head of the C. & O. Railway, revealed that one of his secret ambitions is to be a writer.

"I'd rather spend all my time writing," he said, "than run a railroad."

"If that's the way you feel about writing," piped up a newsman, "I've got a proposition for you. I'll swap my magazine for the C. & O."

Young laughed heartily but shook his head.

Medical Diplomats • **Dr. Edward L. Bortz, president of the American Medical Association, has a very simple remedy for the world's international ailments. His prescription: Doctors to take over the conduct of foreign affairs.**

At a meeting of former presidents of the District of Columbia Medical Society, Dr. Bortz urged physicians to "take up the duties of statesmen."

"Eventually," he said, "doctors will find cures for today's incurable diseases. But these victories will be empty if antisocial and unhealthy political and economic trends are allowed to continue uncured. These problems demand the attention and care of physicians as urgently as physical ailments."



If your car feels like *this*... it's time for

MARFAK Chassis Lubrication



THAT CUSHIONY FEELING LASTS LONGER WITH MARFAK!

With *Marfak* Chassis Lubrication, you know your car gets *lasting* protection from wear and friction. *Marfak* is *tough*. It's specially compounded to protect wear surfaces and stick right to 'em — not for just a couple of hundred miles — but for 1,000 miles and more. You're paid off in "cushiony" driving ease — sure sign that *Marfak* lasts *longer*. Today, ask your Texaco Dealer to give your car that *"Marfak* feeling."

MARFAK Lubrication

TEXACO

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Tune in: TEXACO STAR THEATER presents the TONY MARTIN show featuring Alan Young every Sunday night. METROPOLITAN OPERA broadcasts every Saturday afternoon. See newspaper for time and station.



FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—
Eight PM by the clock—
Propitious Moment for a Perfect Meeting!
The time is ripe for flavor
that's Pre-eminently Mellow . . .
The stage is set for smoothness
to match your Party Mood . . .
The right time, the right place,
the right whiskey . . . what a cue!
(Enter your best friends—and you.)



IF IT ISN'T **PM** IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, New York
Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

AMERICA FIRST
— FOR A CHANGE!

Just who are the real "reactionaries"? This will jolt those who see the world through pink-colored glasses—but will excite the rest of us

BY EARL O. SHREVE *President, United States Chamber of Commerce*

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE once popular slogan, "My country, right or wrong," left much to be desired as a guide to national policy and action. It was narrow, uncritical, and selfish. It hardly made friends and influenced people abroad; at home it tended to obstruct needed reforms by glossing over faults.

All the same, it was a slogan that made sense from the purely human point of view. It is natural for people to give themselves and their country the benefit of the doubt. From the dawn of history it has been the weakness of old Adam to see the mote in the other fellow's eye while ignoring the beam in his own.

Perfect societies, alas, exist only in the blueprints of utopian dreamers. Our society is far from perfect. No one denies that it has shortcomings to challenge our hearts and minds. *But for all its faults, America still leads the world in political freedom, economic opportunity, and social well-being for the average man.*

Because free political and economic techniques are being challenged, it is important to speak up boldly, devotedly, for America.

I submit that those who would pull the props from under the American way of doing business and our American institutions are not liberals but enemies of liberalism—to use their own word, reactionaries. In the measure that they propose to limit individual initiative and concentrate economic power in the state, they are turning back the clock of modern history.

Millions of Americans who should know better today accept unthinkingly the notion that business is "reactionary" and the enemies of business "progressive." The propaganda to this effect has been so intensive, so decorated with tinselly humanitarian verbiage that it requires a robust mind to resist its pressure. But it remains a falsehood and a distortion of history.

What distinguishes modern capitalism from (*Continued on page 48*)



BY JOHN CHAPMAN

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THOUSANDS of unpaid actors tonight will be taking part in more than 1,000 theatrical performances in this country. They will be working for the fun of it, or for the benefit of schools, churches, lodges, neighborhood groups or charity. Among those profiting directly will be many a playwright of whom Broadway never heard.

There are 500,000 amateur theatrical productions in the United States each year. Giving the amateurs what they want—which mainly is simple comedy—is big business.

I asked a dozen well-informed men of the New York theater if they had heard of Walter Ben Hare or Lieutenant Beale Cormack. None had; none knew that Hare and Cormack were the same person; none knew that one of his plays had sold 1,000,000 copies—which is more than the sale of all the published works of Eugene O'Neill—or that this play has had 50,000 performances—the equivalent of a 120-year run for the Methuselah of Broadway, Life with Father. None knew that this is only one of scores of plays by this same author, or that the author's main occupation is being a U. S. Weather Bureau man in Arizona.

Four out of the 12 experts queried had, however, heard of the play—or at least thought they had, for the title sounds deceptively familiar. It is Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick, by Lieutenant Beale Cormack, which is only one of several pen names employed by the prolific Mr. Hare.

Broadway's slick and glittering dramatists have in the last decade come to look upon the amateurs with profound and slightly amazed affection. Tennessee Williams recently turned down an offer of $35,000 cash for the amateur rights to The Glass Menagerie for a better offer. The amateur rights to You Can't Take It with You, by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman, have brought in royalties of more than $113,000.

Close on the heels of this hit are such comedies as What a Life, Claudia, and Junior Miss. Even though State of the Union is a sell-out for its New York and touring companies, this comedy has already been released to amateurs in territories unlikely to be reached by professional actors.

Amateur rights often provide a steady income for a playwright whose work was a failure on wise Broadway. In 1937 Jean Ferguson Black wrote a married-life comedy, Penny Wise, which wilted in New York. Subsequently the play proved to be highly popular in the amateur field, and a glance at the books reveals that it has had recent performances in such localities as Vergennes, Vermont; Waseca, Minnesota; Homer, New York; Moon Run, Pennsylvania; Moodus, Connecticut;



Whitefish, Montana; Cabool, Missouri; and Waxahachie, Texas. The fee for Penny Wise is $25 a performance, of which the author gets 80 per cent.

Amateur playwrights are either controlled or handled on a percentage basis by publishing firms, principal ones of which are the Dramatists' Play Service, Samuel French, Walter Baker, and Longmans, Green & Co.

Until ten years ago the custom had been for the publisher to buy outright the amateur rights to a play, often for small sums. At this time the Dramatists' Play Service was established by the Dramatists' Guild of the Authors' League for the purpose of leasing rights instead of selling them.

One of the reliable caterers to the amateur trade is Charles George, who had one play produced on Broadway—unsuccessfully. Mr. George has written some 200 plays and is good for ten or a dozen a year (sample titles: Ma's New Husband, Bertha the Beautiful Typewriter Girl).

Perhaps the most prolific writing team is the husband-wife combination of Colin Clements and Florence Ryerson, whose Broadway play, Harriet, was a Helen Hayes hit. "Miss Ryerson and I," Clements writes me, "find great fun writing, now and then, for the theater off Broadway. And it pays, too! Our little June Mad has had, to date, something over 4,000 performances in American and English schools."

AT a conservative guess, everybody in the United States over the age of five would either like to write a play or act in one.

Barrett H. Clark, executive director of the Dramatists' Play Service, estimates that there are between 300 and 400 dramatists writing directly for the amateur market. For their benefit the service has issued a leaflet of advice. "In general," it says, "amateur producers (except the advanced University and Little Theater groups) want plays that are simple in theme, dialogue, characterization and treatment. . . .

"No play should have more than one simple set. . . . There should be no plot involvement or even reference to 'sex,' aside from its purely romantic and superficial aspects. There should be no profanity, blasphemy, or any adverse reference to or reflection upon the better known varieties of organized religion or the clergy. There should be no drinking on stage of any alcoholic beverage, and preferably no reference to it except to point a moral. . . .

"Most amateur plays are produced by young people between the ages of 16 and 20. The characters should likewise be young . . . divorce naturally, does not exist. . . .

"Please remember," concludes the leaflet, "that the subject of this letter is business, not art."

But what a business!

THE END



"Darling," Steve said,

"I can explain everything."

Which was a feat for an

ex-marine writing perfume ads

BY BERTRAM B. FOWLER

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

THE working name of the new perfume by Prince Oblonsky was Ethereal—subject, of course, to any amount of changes. Sarah Carew, the high-powered account executive, had ideas about the advertising. Steve Oliver was working on a layout. Steve was a serious young man, intent on making a success at Gray Advertising Agency after a four-year handicap wished on him by the United States Marines.

His gray eyes were intent, his strong chin dogged as he drew fat little cherubs on fleecy clouds bearing vials of Ethereal as they floated down toward Milady.

A door behind him opened and a breeze of a girl blew in to ruffle the surface of Steve's absorption. She called flippantly, "Hiyah, Cassidy!" and Steve flinched.

He gazed sourly at her as she studied the cherubs. Her brown eyes mirrored distaste as she said, "Ethereal. Phooey! The slinky gals who have the kind of money Oblonsky charges for his perfumes haven't any ethereal inclinations. They'll never give those chubby little cherubs a tumble. Cassidy, they rise to far, far different lures in these trifling times."

"It's what Sarah Carew asked for," Steve said severely. "I think it's a rather good idea."

"Again phooey, Cassidy. And I don't think Oblonsky will like the idea any better than I do. But it's your funeral." She sighed. "Somehow I'd expect better from a marine named Cassidy."

"For the last time," said Steve, harshly, "stop calling me that! What's the idea?"

Babs gave him a crinkled smile. "Because you're so unlike anybody named Cassidy. Cassidy," she added airily, "is my ideal of a man."

She breezed on through the office and another door banged, leaving Steve to scowl at the closed door. "Cassidy," he snorted contemptuously. "Your ideal *would* be something like Cassidy."

He pulled a blank sheet of drawing paper across the table, picked up a pencil and began to draw with swift, sure strokes. Cassidy emerged magically. He was Steve's idea of what a mental lightweight should look like. Cassidy smiled insouciantly, a careless, yet appraising grin that was close to a leer. He wore his hat at a rakish angle. One leer from Cassidy, Steve thought acidly, and the battle was half lost for any girl.

When the sketch was finished, Steve propped it up (*Continued on page 60*)

GULSER





WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT 1947?

BY TED SHANE

1. Who was suspended by whom from what for how long, bringing despair to whom, without serious result in the end?

2. After centuries of so-called imperialistic slavery, what people gained their freedom and forthwith began slaughtering each other?

3. Who exercised the veto liberally, and was asked to keep his Noes out of other people's business?

4. Identify: A crypto-Communist; a Wayward Bus driver.

5. What caused a fearful amount of scratching in New York City in late April?

6. The sentence, "Franklin finds it hard to relax with people who aren't his social equals," caused quite a stir. Explain.

7. Of what piece of legislation was it said, "Umpires won't know if they have the right to call strikes"?

8. In 1929 a great American playwright had his newest work "banned" in Boston. It happened again in '47. Name the playwright and the plays.

9. Two bad men died, one violently, one peacefully, on opposite sides of the country. Who were they?

10. What went down while prices on them went up?

11. These numbers made news. Explain: $4,000,000,000; 75 per cent; 400 mph.

12. Who won the Kentucky Derby? Preakness? Who is World's Men's Tennis Singles champion? Women's British Amateur Golf champion?

13. Who was Mr. Hush? Mrs. Hush?

14. Who offered Hollywood $10,000 *not* to make a movie of a story of his? After kissing only his horse in over 100 movies, who finally kissed a gal in one?

15. After great deliberation, the name of what American dam was changed to what by what august assembly?

16. A new Cabinet post was created. Who was named to fill it?

17. Each of these phrases sums up a hit movie. Name the movies: Anti-Semitism. Enormous hopes. Ulcers and ads.

18. During August, New York was visited by a group who waved dead fish in people's faces and prodded women with electrified canes. Name the group.

19. Two great athletic rivals ended relationships in football. Who were they?

20. A great bullfighter died; a great singer; public servant; American admiral; two kings; and an ex-lightweight champion. Name them.

21. In the world of aviation: (*a*) What flew the ocean unattended? (*b*) What filled the air with saucery?

22. In the world of romance pair who married or divorced whom.

Lillybet	State Dept.
Durocher	David Sebastian
Bulgaria	Pakistan
Doris Duke	Miss Quick Freeze
Greer Garson	Richard Ney
Van Johnson	Petkov
Mr. America	Porfirio Rubirosa
India	Phil Mountbatten
Spruille Braden	Mrs. Keenan Wynn
Carmen Miranda	Laraine Day
William Ford	Martha Firestone

23. Identify the Battle of the Vice-Presidents.

24. In the world of women, tell who (*a*) tried to glamorize the Hemisphere Defense Conference in Rio, had posters of herself ripped down; (*b*) described Truman as running a highboy administration, "One bureau on top of another"; (*c*) accused her brother of being a Communist.

25. The release of what long-withheld documents of a President finally took place?

26. The proposed scrapping of what peculiar-to-San Francisco public conveyances brought many protests?

27. What best sellers were concerned with (*a*) a public conveyance; (*b*) the innards of a country; (*c*) a soiled leading character?

28. An author (*a*) lost an eye in a motor accident; (*b*) asseverated, "I'm the Boss." Name the authors.

29. Who is Steve Canyon who made his debut in '47?

(*Answers will be found on page 69*)



PREDICTIONS OF THINGS TO COME IN 1948

BY GRACIE ALLEN

1. I have always greatly admired the optimism of the people who make calendars, who always work on the hope that there will *be* a next year. And now here I go, too.

2. I predict that there will be a Presidential election in 1948. I predict that the winning candidate will be a man of medium height, under seven feet tall, who shaves several times a month, worries about both his wife's hats and the national budgets, and wasn't born in a log cabin.

3. I can't predict how the long skirt-short skirt controversy will come out, but I can definitely state that husbands' bank accounts will get shorter and their faces longer.

4. In the entertainment world, I predict more and more movies will be made in color. My own preference is for the light-blue pictures, but I'm not narrow-minded. Last week I saw a fine movie in burnt umber and old gold.

5. I predict that movie audiences will develop more taste. That is, they will soon grow tired of eating popcorn during films, and enterprising theater managers will serve table d'hôte dinners. Of course, some persons will at first insist on having their regular popcorn and peanuts instead of the split-pea soup, New York steak, and pie à la mode provided by the management, but these objections will eventually die away, as have those of the persons who first objected to the introduction of sound in films.

6. I predict that more animals and feathered folk will invade the radio field. To my mind, the recent start of a radio program with Lassie, the dog star, is a revolutionary step. After that, the complete switch-over of other poultry and animal actors is merely a matter of time. And sponsors.

7. Primarily, the taking over of radio by our four-footed and tail-feathered friends would avoid such unpleasant occurrences as recently came up between Fred Allen and the vice-president of a broadcasting company. My point is, an argument between a radio vice-president and a Lassie or a Flicka would be impossible. One would simply bite or kick the other, without any statements being issued.

8. I predict that television will become popular next year. And as a direct result, the trained seals of vaudeville days will come back into their own. I figure that trained seals will be to television what singing commercials are to radio. After all, what cuter way to present a packaged product than to have it balanced on the nose of a trained seal?

9. I predict that the hen that lays fresh eggs will get a bigger swelled head than the goose that laid the golden eggs.

10. I predict that Leo (Lippy) Durocher will be appointed as Ambassador to Russia, but his appointment will not be confirmed by the U. S. Senate.

11. I predict that U. S. men will all be a little handsomer next year. (I don't know why it is, every time I'm a year older, the men look a little handsomer.)

12. I predict that rumors of Senator Owen Brewster of Maine joining the Hughes Aircraft Co. in an executive capacity after his term expires, will be entirely unfounded. (Remember you first read that in this column.)

13. I predict that a super-rocket ship, holding a crew of two pilots, three scientists, 14 press agents, and a blonde stowaway, will make an attempt to fly to the moon, but land in Iowa instead. Next day a movie called Iowa will open in 130 theaters throughout the country.

14. I predict that the Florida Chamber of Commerce will discover that hurricanes contain large amounts of vitamin B.

15. I predict that the level of employment will rise, but that my brother Willie will still be out of a job.

16. It will be rumored that King Carol of Rumania has slipped into the country and is secretly playing second base for the Brooklyn Dodgers.

17. Princess Elizabeth and her new husband will get an offer to come to the United States to star in a breakfast radio show titled Liza and Phil.

18. I predict there will be a tremendous improvement in women drivers during 1948. They'll be much better dressed.

19. And, lastly, I predict that in 1948 high prices will come down, the Russians will relax, there'll be enough houses for everyone, and I'll spend another 365 days with the handsomest, cleverest, most generous husband a girl ever had.

(As long as I was being fantastic, I figured I ought to work George in on it, too.)

THE END

THE BAD ONE



The only person on our side of the river who had anything to do with Stinky was Big Mike.

Maybe this is only a story, but there are too many kids like Stinky—and too few as lucky as he

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

KIDS growing into adolescence can sure be cruel. It was Fred Lait who hung the Stinky label on Jarret, way back when we were in first grade. Fred hated him even then, and I never have known exactly why.

Not that any of us ever liked Stinky. Being kids, we let it go at that. We didn't try to find out why he told lies and stole toys, and ran away from any trouble he caused instead of staying to face it, even if he was scared. As far as we were concerned, Jarret Leach was a stinkeroo, and we never thought that if his father and mother had been living together maybe Stinky would have had better training. His mother had to work, and she was too soft with him. A kid needs his dad, too.

So we didn't play with Stinky. As we went on through the grades, he played mostly with the younger kids, until they found out what he was like and left him alone.

A kid has to play. So Stinky found playmates, but they were from over on the other side of the river, where his talents for picking up things that didn't belong to him were appreciated. When that became known around the neighborhood, we were forbidden to play with Stinky.

Stinky made his first friends across the river. Queer friends for a youngster in sixth grade. There was Monk Sanstrup, a half-bald youth, seventeen when Stinky tied up with him; and Barney Dail, who specialized in detachable automobile accessories. Monk ran the main kid mob across the river, and Stinky, wise beyond his years and in the wrong way, tied mostly to Monk. He made himself useful.

The only person on our side of the river who had anything to do with Stinky was Big Mike McNirney, the cop who guarded our school crossing mornings and at noon and after school.

Mike stood six feet three, and he was black jowled as a summer storm. For Stinky he had a special word whenever he saw him.

We didn't know, then, that Mike had fought his way up and into the force from that tough area Stinky was making his stamping ground. Mike must have been seeing himself again, only himself without the big fists and the strong, rough grain of character which had given him the boost out of the gutter he'd been born to.

Because the word had gone around from our parents not to play with him, Stinky couldn't even run with the little kids any more, and pretty soon it was standard to see Mike and Stinky standing over by the playground gate, talking. Once, when I was lookout in a game of gangsters we were playing, I heard some of that talk.

"It's well," Mike was saying, "to be loyal, Jarry, if you know what you're being loyal to. I call to mind a lad I knew, although I'll not be naming names, and when he was young he was wild like, and he was fond of thinkin' himself a little tough."

"You gotta be tough," said Stinky.

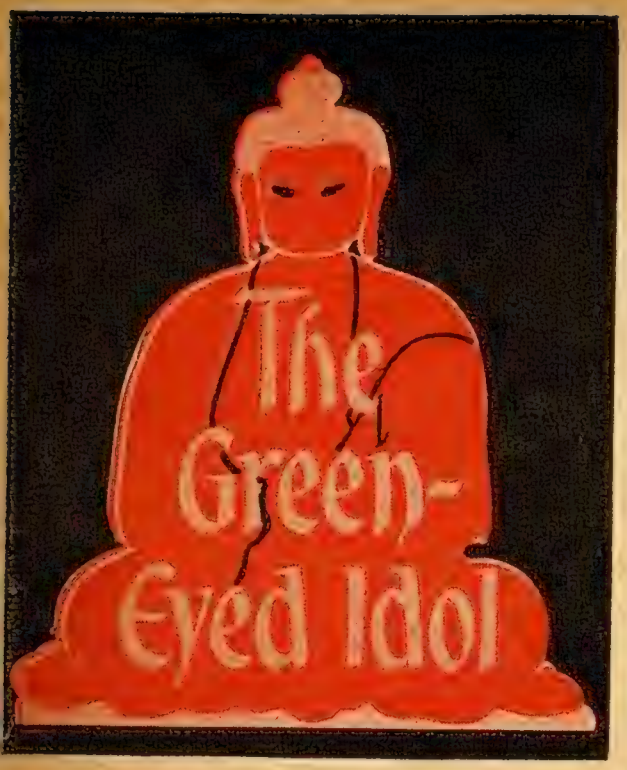
"That's what this lad thought," said Mike. "Only it isn't so, and he found that out. Because there come a time when a fella he didn't know—a man grown, with a family and a good job under his hands—this man was sent up for a crime he hadn't done, and the lad knew who did it, only he couldn't tell. Why? Why, because it was one of his own gang that was guilty, an' they told the lad he had to be loyal."

(*Continued on page 55*)

WOODI

BY ROBERT S. MANSFIELD





READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

SYNOPSIS

LYING in an opium den in Calcutta, Charley Davis learned that John Warwick, his wealthy and successful rival for Dorothy, was smuggling opium into India. Though he himself had become a devotee of the Black Smoke, Charley hated the drug and the curse it laid on India. That and his hatred of Warwick made him decide to learn the truth. The Criminal Investigation Department supplied him with a famous sleuth, one-eyed Chatterji.

He and Charley concocted a tale of an idol with fabulous emerald eyes. On hearing the story, Warwick made a deal whereby Charley was to find the idol, steal its eyes, and share the loot.

So Charley returned to his old home on the border of Bhutan. Dorothy greeted him with a kiss that aroused all his old passion, and almost at once he realized the emeralds were not the sole reason for Warwick's interest in him.

Charley also met again Judy Millroy, beautiful, courageous half-caste, a one-time playmate.

Warwick insisted that Charley take a henchman of his, Newar, as his cook on the "tiger hunt." And Yuanlin, Charley's old teacher, and Judy went too.

After Charley pretended to remove the eyes from an idol in a remote pagoda, Newar tried to kill him, but was himself carried off by a tiger.

Charley was wondering how Warwick was going to get him off the veranda so his shooting could be watched from above. It was to be a perfect crime.

Charley's dangerous game reaches a tense climax—as he and Warwick stalk each other under the same roof

PART FIVE

BY EDISON MARSHALL

LONG after midnight, when the cooking fires burned low and the camp boys slept beside them, Charley and Judy were crouched in a thatch shelter searching Newar's baggage. The task did not take long.

"I don't know what to do next. Have you any idea?" Charley asked Judy.

"Well—when we get back—" Judy stopped and sat very still.

"We're no worse off than before—better, I think. We've been defeated—but so has Warwick. I'm still alive and he hasn't got any emeralds. I think hell will pop. Thank God, we've got Chatterji—if he's still alive—to help steer."

CHATTERJI was still very much alive, as his lone bright eye revealed in the glare of Charley's headlight two midnights later. Charley had made an excuse to pitch camp only three miles above Diwingari and had sent Nathoo in haste to bring him to a meeting place.

Then Charley told him the outcome of the adventure.

"So the jungle took a hand," Chatterji mused.

"We thought maybe you'd have some good news to even up ours."

"You thought wrong. I'd hoped to tell you how the opium is cached and handled, but Warwick has made monkeys of both Tamil and me."

Chatterji's taxi driver in Calcutta had been called Tamil, but this was Charley's first inkling that he too was on the case. On the night following the departure of the pack train—when close watching had indicated that the cached opium had not been removed—Chatterji had hidden Tamil under the ceiling cloth of the old dak bungalow. No living man entered the building, yet on the following day fresh supplies had been received in two near-by cities.

"We guessed wrong," Charley said. "But why do you specify that no *living* man entered the building?"

"Haven't you heard the local legend that it's haunted?"

"All my life," Charley replied.

"Tamil is a brave fellow where only guns and knives are out, but he came back from the watch badly scared. He could see the table in the moonlight—no one was sitting there—yet he heard two sahibs eating dinner and an old chokada waiting on them. I don't believe it in the Westernized portions of my mind. You, my friend, do believe it in an Asiatic corner of your mind—the same corner that conceived the green-eyed idol."

"Well—what now?"

"Charley—and you too, Miss Millroy, because you're in it up to your neck—I'll tell you what I've been thinking. Newar's attempt at murder and some other evidence we have would justify the C.I.D. making an all-out investigation, but we could hardly get started without putting Warwick on his guard. We'd stop the traffic—at least temporarily—but he'd never even stand trial.

(*Continued on page 50*)

KANE



SHY BUT WILLING

BY ALDEN HATCH

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

ROBERT ALPHONSO TAFT, senior U. S. Senator from Ohio, has a mouth like rubber. It can stretch until it occupies half his face or snap into a pale line. It stretched to its broadest smile when I asked him if his experience in living in the White House when his father was President didn't give him pause about trying for the most demanding job in the world.

"No," said Senator Taft. "The Presidency didn't hurt my father a bit. He lived for seventeen years after that, serving as a professor at New Haven and Chief Justice of the United States."

Then he added thoughtfully, "You know, I was figuring up the other day that father was one year younger than I am when he *left* the White House."

Taft, who recently launched his second bid for the Presidential nomination, is extremely sensitive and shy of strangers. On the day he received me he stood behind his desk smiling courteously, but I could feel his instinctive shy withdrawal. He is painfully aware of this handicap to political aspirations and tries with almost pathetic eagerness to overcome it.

In talking with Taft I got none of the intellectual excitement, the sense of uplift that I have felt after chatting with other leaders. Partly it was due to Taft's constraint, but not altogether. It also lay in his negative approach. His is the completely conservative mind. At the onset of a new idea he invariably says "No"—for your conservative fears change above all else.

However, Taft is not blindly prejudiced. After that first instinctive "no," he examines the proposition judicially and without prejudice. If it has real merit, he is apt to accept it. But even when he believes in something, he does not advocate it with ardor. Rather he presents it with cerebral logic, or more often endorses it negatively: "I would not oppose"—"I would not object."

I saw Senator Taft on a day of international tension—of course it would be hard to pick any other sort of day. He was genuinely troubled. I asked him the twenty-billion-dollar question: "Do you think we should go on keeping the Pax Americana—wear the mantle of Rome and Spain and England?"

The senator did not. He felt that our policy of containment was leading toward war with Russia.

"Do you object to sending the periphery countries money and supplies?" I asked.

"Yes," said the senator, "but I would not be opposed to sending some food."

He feared a commitment beyond our powers. "I haven't made up my mind if it is possible to keep those countries from going Communistic," he said, "even France. I'm not sure we should try. Communism is a very appealing doctrine — dividing up everybody's money. At the moment I wouldn't say either way."

Then he added, rather inconsistently, "I back up Vandenberg."

If there were no world beyond our shores, Taft would make a good, conservative President. But there is a road block in his brain that stops his intelligence at the water's edge, though he tries hard to contemplate the world judicially. Until recently he supported Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan on foreign policy, but his every instinct cries out that America should work out her destiny alone.

In September, in a speech before the Tacoma World Affairs Council, he went off the reservation with a whoop. He kicked the bipartisan foreign policy in the stomach, burned the Truman administration at the stake, and scalped the Marshall Plan. Then he came up with a seven-point program of his own.

Stripped of excess verbiage, the effect of Taft's proposals was:

The United States should be for peace at any price except that of a threat to our own freedom.

We should virtually abandon world leadership except to set an example of living so well at home that all the other nations would wonder, envy, and decide to emulate us.

We should give some assistance in production machinery and food to foreign nations, but be quite niggardly about it.

We should support the United Nations, but be careful not to make them strong enough to be effective.

We should have the strongest army and navy in the world, but spend very little money on them.

We should resist Communism, but not interfere in the private concerns of other nations.

His other proposals were for making a reasonable peace with Germany and Japan, which nearly everyone agrees is desirable.

At that, Taft is not so isolationist as his supporters. Whether he likes it or not—and I doubt if he does—he finds himself the standard bearer of that last, small, but vociferous group of die-hards who believe that America can shut out the world with a Chinese Wall.

On the domestic front Taft is not so reactionary as he is depicted. In drafting the Taft-Hartley Act he was not vindictive toward labor. On the contrary, he used his influence to tone down the severe proposals of Senators Ball and Styles Bridges and compromised with liberals like Senator Ives.

Taft has moved on the vexed problems of housing, education, and finance with surprising sense and moderation. He desires to eliminate federal control as far as possible from business and also from the administration of federal aid to states and cities.

"In a system of free enterprise without federal control, do you think we can avoid these cyclical depressions?" I asked.

"If I knew how to avoid depressions, I'd be a rich man, and I'm not," Taft replied. When I asked him if he thought the government should spend to meet a depression, he said, "There should be some spending."

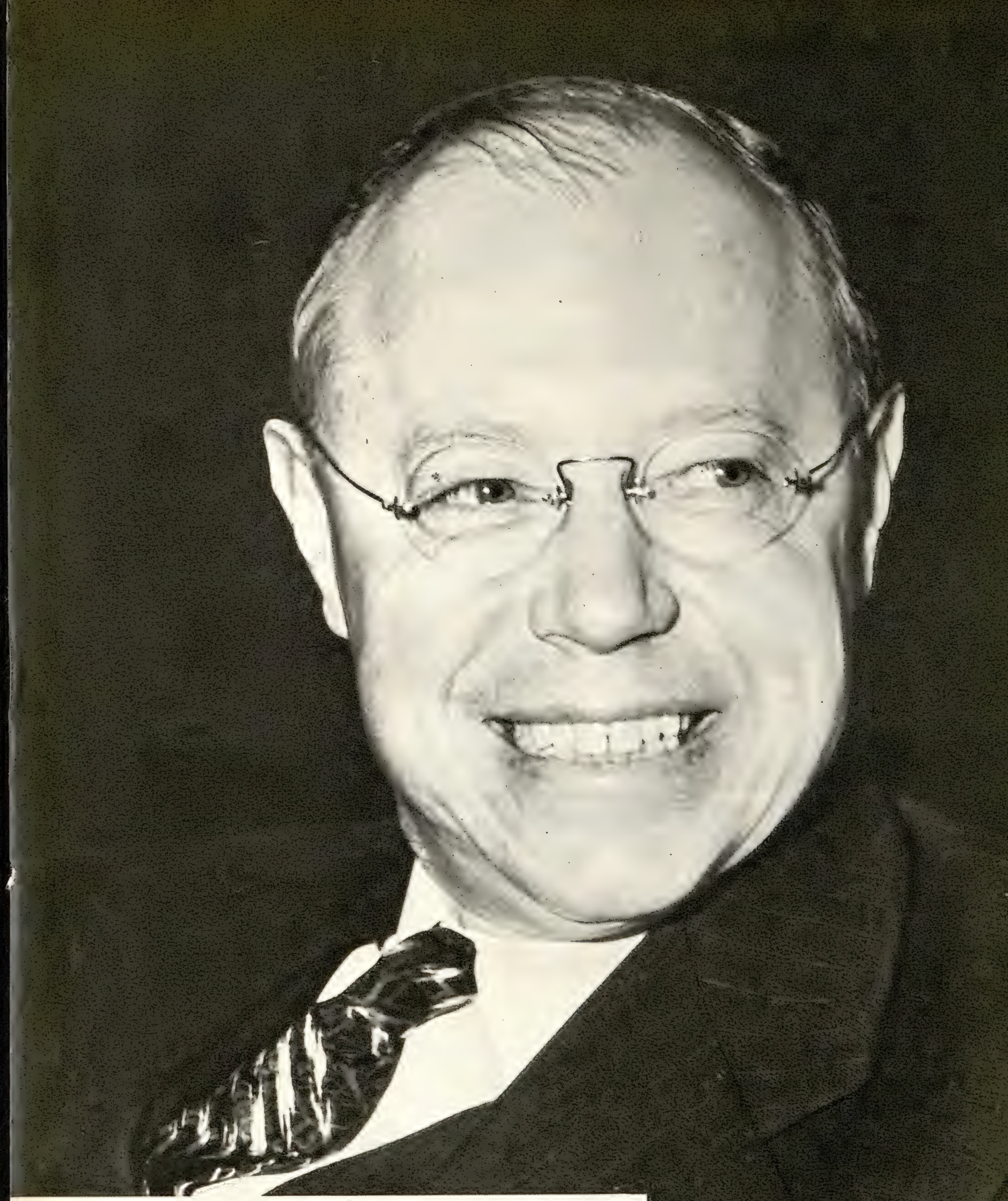
That sounded more like a conservative New Dealer than an economic reactionary. On the other hand, Taft is for pretty high tariffs. "I think there is a lot of ballyhoo about this foreign-trade thing," he said.

TAFT'S yearning to be President may influence him toward moderation in his domestic policies, but it is quite certain that although he is willing to adjust on matters of detail, he will never compromise on a principle, even though he knows it means defeat.

Day after day he goes to his desk in the Senate Chamber and works at the stacks of folders and papers. At a heretical word he lumbers quickly to his feet. If he thinks a speaker has made a foolish statement, instead of the classic "I beg to differ with my colleague," he is apt to blurt out, "I think you're nuts!"

And Taft would as leave take a liberal Republican apart as a Democrat.

Compared to such Senate veterans as Vandenberg, Taft is a newcomer. It wasn't until 1938, when he was 49 years old, a family man whose four sons were nearly grown, that Bob Taft thought he would like to be a U. S. Senator from Ohio. The Republican politicians did not agree



enator **Robert A. Taft** dislikes meeting strangers. But he's lived
the White House before and wouldn't mind a repeat engagement

with him, but he went into the primaries anyway. His wife, Martha, rushed all over the state making speeches. She provided the charm and enthusiasm for the team, plus a fine brand of common sense.

Taft gathered in the Republican nomination and was elected senator in November, 1938. He found himself one of the hopeless minority of Republicans, glaring helplessly at the final flourish of the New Deal. He was anathema to President Roosevelt.

In 1939 the Wehrmacht marched at last. Taft's reaction to Hitler was similar to that of a child who, confronted by a bogey, says, "Pay no attention and maybe he will go away."

By 1940, after less than two years in the Senate, Taft had, by his enormous industry and vociferous opposition to the New Deal, made himself one of the principal contenders for the Republican nomination. He came to the convention with as beautifully integrated a political machine as was ever seen. Unfortunately for him, it was pitted against an equally efficient job driven by Thomas E. Dewey, and a fairly solid block of delegates owing allegiance to Senator Vandenberg. None of these gentlemen paid much attention to the amateurish efforts of Wendell Willkie.

But a strange thing happened in Philadelphia. The people of America were ahead of their leaders and a strong current flowed from them through that hot, smoky hall. The beautifully contrived political machines fell apart, and Willkie gathered the pieces into a great majority that brought him the nomination.

From that time onward, Taft was fighting a rear-guard action against the trend of events. He was completely consistent, voting against the destroyer deal, the draft, and lend-lease; though he did vote for all appropriations to increase the army and the navy. When war came, he supported it with the full vigor of his energy, and his four sons were in the armed services.

Peace brought Taft the opportunity to take the lead in shaping the reconversion policies of the Republican Party, and when they won a majority in the Senate in 1946, he was in the driver's seat. By his indefatigable energy he had made himself the indispensable man on the most important committees. His only rival, Senator Vandenberg, had acquired a vast knowledge and interest in foreign policy, and, like the Roman emperors of the East and West, they divided the world between them, Vandenberg taking Foreign Affairs and Taft the rest. It was both a division and an alliance which seems to have ended at Tacoma.



ACME

Co-authors of that famous law. Rep. Fred A. Hartley, Jr., listens while Senator Taft talks.

The farther a situation gets from the suburbs of his beloved Cincinnati, the more hazy Taft's view of it becomes. He would prefer to leave foreign policy to Vandenberg and Marshall, if he felt sure that they would not commit the United States to what he considers a reckless course of philanthropic imperialism.

It is odd, however, that Taft should dislike having to think about foreign policy. His father, the late President William Howard Taft, whose philosophy he admires, was an ardent supporter of the League of Nations. As a young man, Bob Taft heard a great deal about foreign affairs from his Grandfather Alphonso, who had served as U. S. Minister to Russia and the Austro-Hungarian Empire. His genial father was made Governor General of the Philippines when Bob was in his teens. Thus Bob learned of the native peoples of America's shiny new imperial domain. Later, President Theodore Roosevelt made Bob's father Secretary of War, and he went to live in Washington.

Then came the pressure-filled days of the campaign in which William Howard Taft was elected President.

Bob, who was a junior at Yale, saw the technique of politics at first hand. For the next four years his home was the White House, with its unrivaled opportunity for seeing the world go by. In addition, the President's son made a summer trip to Europe with his friend and classmate, Tom Bowers. During World War I, Bob, who was too nearsighted to get into the army, was Assistant Food Administrator under Herbert Hoover, both in the United States and later in Paris during the peace conference.

Now, a youth who has such a heritage and so many advantages might, you would say, turn out in one of two ways: either a useless bon vivant, or a man of broad views and mellow wisdom—a global statesman. Bob Taft did neither. Somewhere the hereditary machine slipped a cog, the genes produced a mutation, and environment failed to function.

AS to his chances of getting the Republican nomination, they are good. He will go into the convention with the delegates from the Southern states in his hands, for there are no more regular Republicans than Southern Republicans, and they want a regular candidate. Taft will also have strong support from the great Midwestern states, for many of his party there think as he does.

To offset these advantages there are serious handicaps. The greatest is Taft's lack of popular appeal. Then there is the technical disadvantage of his exposed position. As the real leader of the Senate, he will be blamed for whatever goes wrong and even for many things that go right.

Meanwhile his opponents are not so harassed. Governor Dewey attends strictly to his own business, not annoying anyone and watching the Gallup polls with a cheerful smile; Vandenberg moves majestically on the world stage; and Stassen joyfully dashes around with no more responsibilities than an opposition candidate.

There is some doubt whether Taft will have the undivided support of his own great State of Ohio. Two rows behind him in the Senate sits John Bricker, the junior Senator from Ohio, who watches his colleague fighting the Battle of Congress and keeps very still, waiting, perhaps, to recoup a lost opportunity. As the brickbats rain thicker on Taft's overworked head and an occasional verbal dead cat sails out of the blue, Bricker smiles.

John Bricker is an ambitious man, and, taking one consideration with another, he grows daily less inclined to say, "After you, my dear Alphonso."

THE END



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Clear  *Heads ~~Choose~~ Give Calvert*

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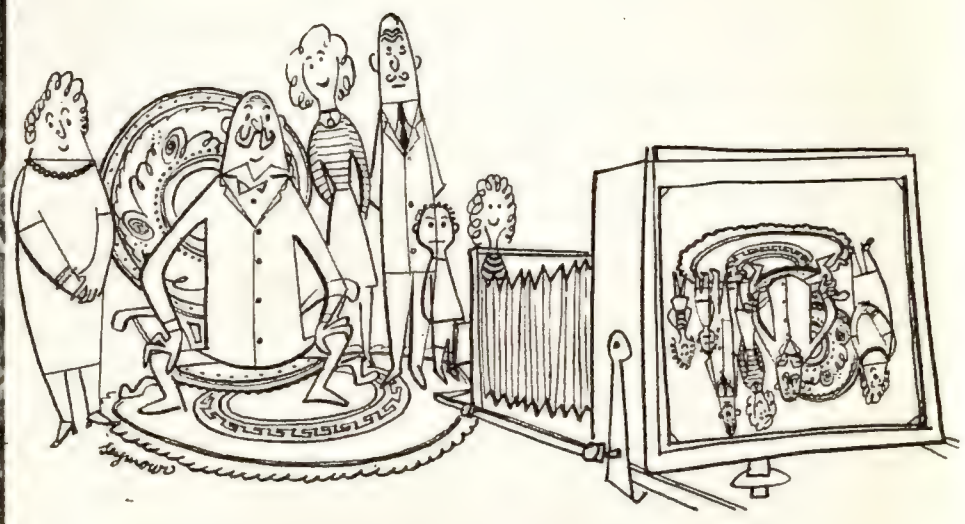
THE LIKE OF MIKE



Hollywood is peopled with characters,

but Mike Curtiz, the director,

tops them all



BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

READING TIME● 3 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

I LIKE Mike Curtiz.

I feel that I discovered him because on my first trip to Hollywood I was a visitor on a set where Curtiz was making a picture called 20,000 Years in Sing Sing. Spencer Tracy and Bette Davis had the leads. They had yet to win a couple of Oscars.

Mike shouted for quiet on the set, but he couldn't get it still enough to film the scene. Annoyed, he then announced to the troupe: "I'll lock myself in the sound booth. Then we'll have some quiet around here!"

When I returned to patrol the Hollywood beat, I started to print Mike's remarks and to introduce what have become known as Curtizisms.

The best way to understand the value of Curtiz is to let Mike speak for himself.

Captain Blood (the picture that made Errol Flynn a star): Mike, trying to get Errol excited for a scene, told him: "You are thrilled—excited! Let me see the tinkle in your eye."

The Charge of the Light Brigade: Mike gave his now famous order: "Bring me the empty horses." (He meant, of course, the horses without riders.)

Speaking to a group of extras on the set, Mike said, "Separate together in a bunch."

Yankee Doodle Dandy: Mike acted out a bit for James Cagney. Jimmy tried to follow instructions, but Mike said, "Don't do it the way I showed you—do it the way I mean it." Mike listened to a playback of himself giving direction and commented, "I don't understand myself. Now I can understand why other people don't understand me."

This Is the Army: "That Irving Berlin makes me very modest. He makes me realize I'm not the only genius in Hollywood."

Mission to Moscow: When Joseph E. Davies, former American Ambassador to Russia, went before the camera in this picture, Mike was a little on edge. Mike tried to explain everything to him carefully. "The camera and the microphones will pan across the room to you, showing you as you bend over your desk and open your protocol."

Casablanca: Mike, instructing Ingrid Bergman on how he wanted her to enter a room in an important scene, said, "Step in with the front feet first."

Michael Curtiz was born in Budapest, Hungary, December 24, 1889. His father was an architect. His mother was a concert singer in Vienna. He is six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, has blue eyes and thinning brown hair. He had been a trapeze artist in a circus; directed plays in Budapest; organized a picture company with Alexander Korda in Hungary, and was directing pictures for UFA in Germany when Harry Warner signed him. He has been at Warners ever since.

He is married to Bess Meredyth, a scenario writer and former movie actress. She was the scenario writer of his first picture and is now part of his production staff.

IT was after completing Life with Father that Mike formed his own corporation, the Michael Curtiz Productions, Inc. His contract gives him a call on all Warners talent and he may purchase a property from Warners and produce it under his own unit. It is also understood that any picture Curtiz might make away from that studio must be released through them. He gets a big percentage. It is a unique contract, definitely proving his ability and stature in the industry, or else the Warners would never have made these arrangements.

His first picture for Michael Curtiz Productions, Inc., is The Unsuspected, with Ted North, Audrey Totter, and Claude Rains. He is already at work on another, Romance in High C. He filmed The Unsuspected faster than any other he had done, finishing many days before schedule.

"I'm working for myself now, and it's my own money, and I'm not cheating me," he explains.

THE END

YOU WON'T KNOW MARLENE

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

READING TIME● 3 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

SEVENTEEN years after her first triumphal entry into the cinema capital, Marlene Dietrich, once Paramount's highest-paid star ($250,000 a picture), has set out to make a new career for herself.

"I want to do character parts. Glamor roles are all right for newcomers, but I've been around," she frankly told the press.

In Paramount's Golden Earrings, her first American picture since her return to Hollywood late in 1946, she is definitely a character—a lusty gypsy fortune teller who helps a British army colonel (Ray Milland) escape from Nazi Germany on the eve of World War II. She wears a bulky dress, seven petticoats, a coarse wig, and heavy brown make-up. As she says, "I don't need my legs in this one."

The front-office executives at Paramount evidently are convinced that she is very much an actress. They had hardly finished viewing the rushes on Golden Earrings when they came up with a new seven-year contract for Marlene with a rising scale in price per picture.

Her next American film will be A Friendly Affair, by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder.

Dietrich came back to Hollywood from Paris, where she had just completed a French picture, Martin Roumagnac, opposite Jean Gabin. The better part of the past three years she had spent entertaining lonely G.I.s all over Europe. Financially she had just about hit rock bottom.

Things have changed considerably since the old days, when she was the most glamorous star in glamor-glutted Hollywood.

"Remember," she said with a laugh to Ray Milland, "how I could never sing in a picture unless I had practically a symphony orchestra back of me? You should have seen me in Europe. I would say to the boys, 'You play it, I'll sing it.'"

One day on the set of Golden Earrings an electrician on the catwalk yelled down to her, "Hi, Marlene. I saw you in France. I was with the 82d." Marlene had him come down at once, and while everything stopped she and the former sergeant reminisced. As he was leaving he slapped her on the back and said, "Say, by the way, whatever happened to that guy in Paris you were sweet on?" The set froze. Marlene would surely blow a fuse. But she didn't. She turned to Leisen and with a wry grin remarked, "Can you imagine anyone before the war saying that to me on a Hollywood set!"

Realism is a new approach to the cinema for orchidaceous Marlene. Undoubtedly her personal contact with the war had much to do with this. For no one in Hollywood entertained G.I.s as tirelessly as did Marlene. None played the shivering, bullet-ridden European circuit as long and as exhaustlessly as Marlene.

A studio wardrobe girl recalls the day that Dietrich finished Kismet, prior to taking off for Africa. She was to have her picture taken in the much publicized gold-mesh pants of the Sultan's favorite. Marlene decided to wear her own jewels, which she kept on ice, literally—in the ice trays of her dressing-room refrigerator. As the ice melted the girl picked up a clip, posed in it, and asked how much it cost. "Oh," said Marlene casually, "about $100,000, I think." It was this emerald that Dietrich sold to finance her three years in Europe. A goodly part of it went toward buying fancy garters for the G.I. audiences.

AS soon as she finished Golden Earrings she returned to Paris, where she had a commitment for another film. In a letter to her friend and hairdresser, Nellie, Marlene wrote, "I am living quietly in the Hotel George the Fifth, cooking whatever can be cooked. . . . The attitude and the feelings of the people are not as good as they were during the war. It is depressing but not hopeless. We must all see to it that this is changed and things are better. . . ."

THE END

"I don't need legs in this one,"

says Marlene Dietrich of her latest picture.

There's a new devastating Dietrich in the making







GEORGETTE

Maria laughed and leaned toward him. Her eyes were purple black, mirrors to his wish. He raised his arm to encircle her shoulders.

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 14 SECONDS

THE BRASS CLAW

Is habit stronger than passion?

You'll find the answer

in this powerful study of

frustration in marriage



BY CHARLES CARVER

MATT was trembling with nervousness as he approached the door of his wife's gray bedroom. He paused for a moment before the small brass knocker, then he raised the miniature metal claw for the three gentle taps which had been their signal for almost five years—since Harriet, following the loss of their child at birth, had regained only enough strength to enable her to walk about the bedroom a little, to read intermittently, and to talk with him for fifteen or twenty minutes after his teaching day at the university ended. All the doctors he had brought to her bedside agreed that it was a breakdown of the blood cells. Occasionally in such cases, they said, the vitality *might* return, but under what compulsion and by what strange door they knew not.

The carpet in Harriet's room was pearl gray. Floor-length drapes, elephant gray, bordered the large windows, and gold-colored glass curtains filtered the sunlight's sharpness. The room was flat, impersonal.

Harriet was sitting up in bed, pillows propped at her back. He kissed her gently on the cheek and walked over to his customary chair. He sat and smiled at her a moment, without speaking. It was their habit. Matt was aware that almost everything he did now was from habit alone. Every afternoon he moved the brass claw in his fingers, sat in the dim grayness with Harriet and wrestled with the giant apathy of the place.

At first he had tried to bring laughter into the room with him. He had saved anecdotes for her, clippings to read to her. But when Matt brought them forth in the muted afternoon, all their luster had vanished.

But there was no formula for what he wanted to tell her now. For Matt was convinced that Harriet derived comfort from his presence in the house in the evenings, and on his part, as long as the routine continued uninterrupted, he was insulated from discontent or doubts of any kind. He would not have to face the possibility that perhaps his loyalty was based on habit.

"I'm going to have to leave you tonight," he said, "for a while. The students from one of my classes asked me to help at a seminar."

"Oh." The sound was flat and lifeless. "Where will you be?"

He fumbled in his pocket and pulled out the crumpled slip with the address Maria had given him. "It's at a Miss Williamson's apartment. They are meeting there at eight. The whole affair should take about two hours at most." He handed the slip to Harriet. It made him feel better to leave the address with her. It was a token of fidelity.

AS he pressed the buzzer of Maria's apartment the thought that he had been unconsciously avoiding all evening broke violently into his mind: What if the others should not come? What if he and Maria Williamson were left alone in the evening?

Maria was waiting for him. "Hello," she said. "Come in."

In many respects Maria was a vitalized Harriet. She had the same dark hair and dark eyes, the same oval face. But Maria's eyes snapped, and her voice flowed in vigorous cadences. Matt felt easy and natural in her presence—the way he had with Harriet long ago.

Matt was not surprised to find the living room empty. The thing he had feared before, the galloping frightening wish, was no longer terrifying. Matt stood a moment in the center of the room looking at the cheerful figured curtains, the crimson-covered sofa, the gentle Matisse reproduction that hung above it, the touches of disorder at the bookshelf.

"It's charming," he said. "So different from what I'd expected." He had almost said "from Harriet's room."

Maria was seated on the sofa. Her youth, the quicksilver excitement of her presence made him feel renewed and wholly alive for the first time in years.

He sat close to her. "The others? Am I early?"

She turned her eyes away in sudden shame.

"None of them were able to come. I—I should have telephoned you."

"We'll do very well without them," he said.

Maria laughed with relief and leaned toward him. Matt found his eyes close to her eyes. Her pupils were purple black, wide mirrors to his wish. He raised his arm to encircle her shoulders, but his hand struck an ash tray on the table behind them. As he took hold of it to steady it, to his touch it felt like the brass claw on the door of Harriet's bedroom. He turned to look, and saw that it was simply a brass figure attached to the ash tray. But the wild horse in him was looped and hobbled and cruelly thrown. His heart ached with helplessness. Carefully he set the tray down and stood, mumbling that he must be going, lingering only long enough to cast over the bright room a last, wistful look.

THE END

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National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y.

EYE-INTEREST

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's eye

ONLY IN AMERICA

Eight years ago Dominic Matucci was on relief. Then, as now, he insisted that "This is a good country, where a man can make out." Dominic ought to know. Look what he did



Dominic Matucci, now a prosperous plant worker and farmer, once lived in this shabby house. This photo was taken in 1939. Dominic was on relief. He had a sick wife; 12 children to feed.

1939



Dominic doled out thin gruel to his hungry brood in that slim year of 1939. He did the cooking because his wife had been ill ever since the birth of their seventh child (5 had died). Curtains were torn, the wallpaper was streaked, and neither the radio nor the iron would work.

1947

"This is a good country and a man can make out," Dominic always said. And here's evidence of how well he made out. This is one of his two houses. Part of family is posed as in 1939.

No thin gruel for the Matucci family now. The table is laden with nourishing food, some of it from Dominic's own farm. And the radio and the iron in this picture really work. The curtains are clean and the wallpaper is of a cheerful pattern. The children are well clad.



Mary, next to youngest, leads two of the family's three milk goats to the barn. The Matuccis have cows, too.





Dominic, Jr., and Bruno feed the pigs. These porkers will help feed the family. Right: Emilio rounds up the cows.

WHEN Dominic Matucci says, "This is a good country and a man can make out," he knows what he is talking about. Eight years ago Dominic had to feed, clothe, and house 12 children and two adults on an $18-a-week relief check. The pictures on these pages show how the Matucci family lived then and how they fare today on their 38-acre farm near the town of Jeannette in western Pennsylvania. On the farm are two good houses, five cows, pigs, goats, and poultry, productive soil, a tractor, and a good-sized quarry that yields limestone for the local kilns. Only in America could a man have gone so far in so short a time.

In 1939 the family lived in the moribund mining town of Avella, Pa. They occupied a run-down, unpainted house. Nearly everybody in the town was on relief. Italian-born Dominic knew there were opportunities in this great land. But it was not easy to get out of Avella. Theoretically, one could leave, but that meant relief checks would be missing for three or four weeks. Yet Dominic set out to prove what he'd always said: that "in this country a man could make out." First he got a job in a near-by town. Once started, there was no stopping him. The farm, 70 miles from Avella, finally crowned his efforts. He and two of his sons now work in the plant of the Pennsylvania Tire Co., in Jeannette. Working in a plant is so much easier than the mining Dominic once did in Avella, that he finds "after hours" farming is almost like recreation. As he says, "You run the tractor. Wood is cut by the big saw. You dig in the limestone quarry with the boys." His four oldest sons all served in the armed forces. The married ones all live close by the "home place."

If Dominic Matucci's story is not finished to the last phrase, his Odyssey is complete. It is a tale of the American dream that has fired countless men. That this country offers opportunities to all is implicit in the story of this Italian-American who has unbounded faith in his adopted land.

SARONG NUMBER

Dorothy Lamour kids her famous sarong routine in a hilarious sequence from A Miracle Can Happen*

*Forthcoming Benedict Bogeaus-Burgess Meredith production, to be released through United Artists. Lyrics are from the song, Queen of the Hollywood Islands, by Frank Loesser; copyright, Edwin H. Morris Music Company.



4
"The belle of those Hollywood jungles in that same old plot they dig up from the files..."

2
"She's never even seen Tahiti, still she's the big Tahitian sweetie..."



1
"She's the queen of the Hollywood Islands since they photographed her wearing a sarong..."



3
"She's the star of those tropical pictures and she's strictly for the monkeys when she smiles..."



5
"She couldn't even sing Aloha—they had to get a guy to show her..."



Isabellita (below), little Cuban leader of the band at Delmonico's, is fed by friend Sammy Sokol. Carmen Miranda, Sophie Tucker, and Harry Richman (above, left)



Listening to gypsy music: Jimmy Vernon, Polly Durrett, Nicky Heliopolous, and Carol Southard.



Stars, debs, and millionaires flock to an unconventional shindig — starting at 3 A. M.

A SARATOGA party is like a plate of smorgasbord. You can invite everyone, from your lost Uncle Max from Lake Winnipeg to the charwoman of Mrs. Vanderbilt's Fifth Avenue home, dress them up in real monkey suits to look like real society, mix them up with a few show people, gamblers, show girl-crazy millionaires, hang a ham sandwich on the door, promise free cocktails, and you'll have a terrific party. That may be true anywhere. But it's particularly so in Saratoga.

One day last summer, when the Saratoga gambling and horse-racing season was at its peak, a young New York couple, Billy and Bonnie Babst, decided to give a party. But being original as well as practical, they decided to start the party when most parties generally end—at 3 A. M. Thus Bill and Bonnie knew that they would not run into competition. Besides, at that hour they could get all the stars and lesser celebs appearing at the various Saratoga night clubs to the party. Bonnie Edwards Babst, a former show girl herself, invited all her stage friends. Billy, whose business is selling automobiles, was even freer with his invitations. He asked everyone from Alfred Vanderbilt and Sonny Whitney, down to book-



making with fizz water. Above, right: Some of guests relax on porch. Man with thumb raised is Jack Sterling.



Gee-Gee Durston, society singer, relaxes at feet of an ad

Richman pours for the Babsts; Carmen Miranda looks

SARATOGA PARTY

BY IGOR CASSINI (CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER)

makers and jockeys. And most of them came.

First to arrive was that Red Hot Mama, Sophie Tucker, and her accompanist, Ted Shapiro. Then they all started pouring in. Harry Richman took a position behind the bar and didn't leave it until 7 A.M. Carmen Miranda came "for just a minoot" and stayed till dawn. Gee-Gee Durston, the New York glamor girl who has turned torch singer, wore the most daring décolleté and was only outdone—in the singing department, of course—by Maureen Cannon, singer at Delmonico's.

Curley Harris, publicity man at the Arrowhead Inn, brought all the Conover Girls from the show. Dario came with the 12-piece gypsy orchestra from Outhwaite.

By 4 A.M. the party was doing so well that the law barged in in the form of a police sergeant, who declared that the entire neighborhood was up in arms, for no one within a five-mile radius could get any sleep.

Mr. Babst rose to the occasion magnificently. Instead of arguing with the law, he invited the law to join the party. Would the officer like to do a samba with Carmen Miranda? Or perhaps he'd prefer to see the Conover Girls do their act? What could the poor copper do? He left, pleading with Mr. Babst that his guests tone down the racket a bit. Then a worse menace fell on the assembly. Spitting fire and walking truculently over the guests who were calmly relaxing on the lawn, came the president of the local music union. Musicians had no right to play without notifying the union, even for free, he shouted. He threatened to fine the band $500.

Again Mr. Babst was equal to the situation. He swore on an old scratch sheet that in the future he'd hire a stand-in band of local talent. And to show that this was strictly an amateur party, he asked Yours Truly and his two newspaper confreres, Frank Coniff of the N. Y. Journal-American, and David Charnay of the N. Y. Daily News, to choose partners and do a rumba. I grabbed Isabellita, Cuban-born Paramount starlet, and we murdered the dance. The local Petrillo left, almost convinced.

Around 8 A.M. the party broke up because the guests decided it was high time to see the horses work out at the track. When Don Ameche and Liz Whitney, who had lost their way, tried to crash the party at 8.30 A.M., they found only empty glasses and Jack Sterling, the oil millionaire.



Pat Quinlan (Miss Rheingold '48) in midst of many adm



Igor Cassini (Cholly Knickerbocker) gets hep to the ru



BILL MARK

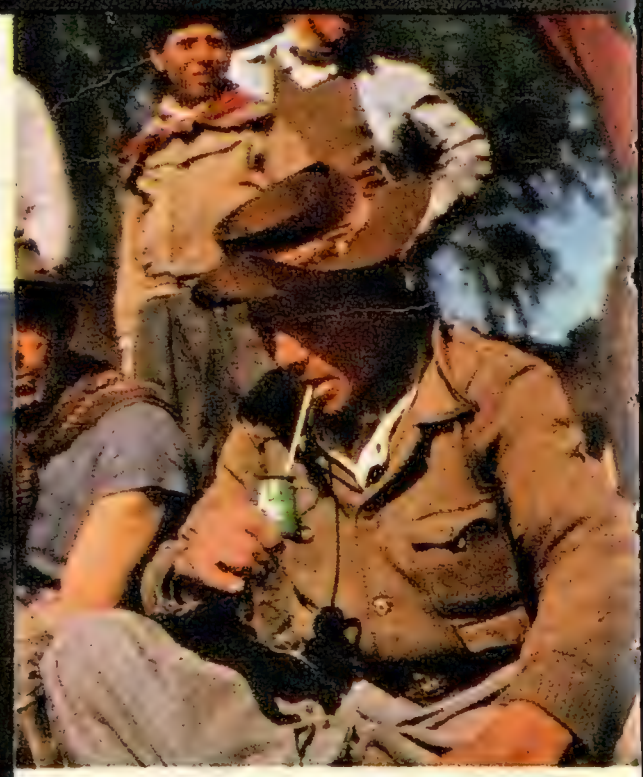
Formal gardens of the casa principal, or main house, on Estancia Chapadmalal at Mar del Plata, Argentina. This well-kept estancia (ranch) raises blooded cattle and horses



King of the herd at Estancia Chapadmalal is this bull. Beef is one of Argentina's chief exports. Most of it goes to Europe.

Gaucho (cowboy) dances, like the El Gato and Malambo, are avidly studied by such folk-dance students as this pretty girl.





Gaucho sipping yerba mate, a sort of bitter tea. Gauchos usually start the day with tea and a heavy breakfast of meat.



Typical men of the pampas. Revolutions may come and go, but the Gaucho, an individualist, ignores politics.

ARGENTINA'S COWBOYS

ARGENTINA'S Gauchos (cowboys) are not much different from the cowhands of Texas and Wyoming. They are hard-riding, tough-minded, and never like to stay long in one place. Argentinians look upon the Gaucho as something of a legendary figure—a sort of national emblem of strength, courage, and derring-do. The Gaucho once ruled the great Argentine plains. He battled Indians, smuggled hides, and never ran away from a fight. He still carries a gun and the inevitable *facon,* or long knife. But though he rarely uses them and is not the wild man of the pampas that he once was, he still remains a rugged individual-



owned by the brothers Jose and Miguel Martinez.

Wandering minstrels go from ranch to ranch and town to town. They provide the Gaucho with entertainment.

EARL LEAF—RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE

Argentine ranches pride themselves on their fine horses. Estancia Chapadmalal's pride is Bahram, a thoroughbred stallion.







Ranch cook prepares huge slab of beef over hot ashes of open fire. Nearly all Gauchos have big appetites and most are heavier than the U. S. cowboys.



Pampas horses, never quite tame, must be caught by lasso each morning.



Beef on the hoof starts for market. Some will go to feed hungry Europeans.

ist. Because he produces much of the wealth from the vast interior, political factions have tried unsuccessfully to win his favor. He cherishes his independence, and as long as he can sit a horse he's not going to be drawn into any political squabbles. His old age is provided for by pampas tradition that Gauchos may live on any ranch of their choice when they get too old to ride the range. The Gaucho's workday begins at dawn. He breakfasts on heavy meat washed down with bitter *maté* tea. If he is working far from the *estancia* (ranch), a chuck wagon brings him food. At night he mostly swaps yarns or listens to the strumming of a Gaucho guitar. Sometimes he goes a-courting, or attends a dance if some wandering *payadores,* or Gaucho troubadours, drop in. His most famous dance is the *Malambo.* The *porteños,* or city dwellers, have been giving Gaucho dances a big play and many a banker and business man in Buenos Aires makes a hobby of Gaucho lore.

The Gauchos rode into the historical scene as smugglers and cattle hunters during the 18th century. They played a decisive part in many wars, including the war against Portugal and the defense of Buenos Aires against the British in 1807. Later on, when the old feudal lords took over the land, the Gaucho found himself disinherited. He followed one leader, then another, but was often betrayed. Today he continues his role as producer of a great part of Argentina's wealth. Without him, his country's economy would collapse and the peoples of Europe would be hungrier than ever.



Argentine version of a chuck wagon. Wood for fires must be carried, too.



F. Molino Campos, artist of Gaucho life, uses the boleadoras, a type of lasso



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LIBERTY PICKS A MOVIE ELIGIBLE FOR TOP HONORS.





Christine Mannon (Katina Paxinou) has hated her husband, Gen. Mannon (Raymond Massey) for 20 years.



Daughter Lavinia (Rosalind Russell) discovers mother's clandestine meetings with a sea captain.



Lavinia refuses to leave her father to mar childhood sweetheart, Peter Niles (Kirk Dou

Mourning Becomes Electra

IF you like Eugene O'Neill and if you like the kind of stage play the New York Theatre Guild produces, you'll go for RKO's adaptation of Mourning Becomes Electra. O'Neill is a playwright who deals in symbolism, and very effective it is behind the footlights. But it is rather difficult to translate symbolism to the screen, even when it is done by top producer-director Dudley Nichols. Nichols deserves great praise for this daring experiment. O'Neill's play ran six hours, with a dinner intermission. The screen time has been cut to three hours, with a ten-minute intermission. For his source material O'Neill went to the ancient Greek drama, to the dramatic story of Agamemnon and his faithless wife, Clytemnestra. He brought his story down to 1865 and the end of the Civil War, which finds General Ezra Mannon (Raymond Massey), of the rich and haughty Massachusetts Mannons, returning home to find his wife (Katina Paxinou) has been having an affair with his despised nephew (Leo Genn). Daughter Lavinia (Rosalind Russell), who adores her father and hates her mother, can't wait to tattle to him and to her weak mother's boy brother Orin (Michael Redgrave). Tragedy follows quickly—reels of it.

Not even Lillian Hellman ever thought up a family as unpleasant as the Mannons.

Lavinia had thought Capt. Adam Brant (Leo Genn) was in love with her. It infuriates her that he is wooing her mother, and she plots against them.

OTHER PICTURES WORTH SEEING

FOREVER AMBER (20th Century-Fox). This long-awaited film packs a spectacular wallop.

MAN ABOUT TOWN (RKO). A delightful picture that brings back Maurice Chevalier to U. S. movie audiences.

SONG OF LOVE (M-G-M). Music of the masters is beautifully played in this life story of Robert Schumann.

GREEN DOLPHIN STREET (M-G-M). It has about everything, including Lana Turner and a terrific earthquake.

THE UNSUSPECTED (Warners). Claude Raines in a first-rate murder mystery.

Hazel Niles (Nancy Coleman) is in love with Orin Mannon (Michael Redgrave), a mother's boy.



Seth Beckwith (Henry Hull), the Mannon gardener, learns that Captain Brant is really a Mannon.



Captain Brant seeks revenge against the Mannc because they drove his father out over a scand



THE BODY MISSED





M. ANATOLE MAUCLERC
Commissaire de Police



FREDDY BENSON
Vice-Consul



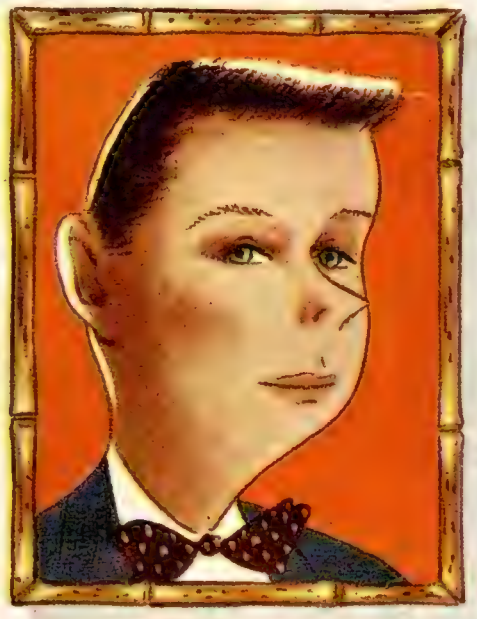
HILARY JUDD
Commentator at Radio Brazzaville



LARRY BRUNE
Another commentator at Radio Bra



YVETTE ARMENOIS
Secretary at the Consulate



JIMMY BEACH
Cipher clerk at the Consulate



MAMA BU-BU
Philippa Darrow's prize gorilla



MRS. ARTHUR SPARROWOOD
Wife of British Consul



MR. ARTHUR SPARROWOOD
British Consul in Brazzaville



DR. JEREMY GALBRAITH
American missionary



FLANNEGAN
FBI agent

THE BOAT



It's funny. It's gruesome — this fast-paced mystery of diplomatic intrigue. Guaranteed to make you forget about the atom bomb

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 34 SECONDS



PHILIPPA DARROW
Professional animal hunter



ETHELBERT STONE
American Consul at Luanda



BORIS CHOR
A Croat



HILDA WEISSMAN
A German-Jewish refugee



ANDRE JONVAL
Director of Radio Brazzaville



ALAJALOV

JACK IAMS
The author

IT was a quiet Monday morning in the Consulate, mainly because Mr. Mallory, the Consul, hadn't come in yet. The tropic heat of French Equatorial Africa lay like a damp blanket on the office. A quarter of a mile away lay the Congo, a hot blue-brown, and on the bluff above it the white and yellow buildings of the main part of our town, Brazzaville, quivered in the tedious sunlight. It was September, a fact which filled me with nostalgia for America and turning leaves.

Jimmy Beach emerged, yawning, from the stuffy cubbyhole we called the cipher room. "Any word from the boss?" He was a clean-cut boy of twenty-two, with close-cropped brown hair.

"No," I said. "I wonder if he's ill. Might be a good idea to send a boy around to the house."

"Look, Freddy," said Jimmy, "we're having a nice peaceful morning. Let's not look any gift horses in the mouth."

"Amen," said Ma'amselle Yvette Armenois, our secretary, looking up from her nails which she had been polishing.

A moment later Philippa Darrow's old Chevrolet truck rattle-banged into the driveway. Philippa was a professional animal hunter. She had been operating in Central Africa for at least ten years, although she looked hardly old enough for that. She shipped quantities of smaller monkeys to various laboratories for research purposes.

She charged full speed through the open front door, and skidded to a stop in front of my desk. Her wonderful red hair straggled out from under her battered sun helmet. She was breathing hard as she said hoarsely, "Some ring-tailed rat has gone and busted open one of my gorilla boxes and let the best damned gorilla I had get away. You know her, Mama Bu-bu. And whoever did it left Mallory in the box. I just noticed it."

"Philippa," I said, "have you been drinking?"

"Just a quick one to pull myself together. A girl doesn't lose five thousand dollars' worth of gorilla every day."

(*Continued on page 63*)

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AMERICA FIRST— FOR A CHANGE!

Continued from Page 13

the frozen feudalism it succeeded, and from the Socialism that would displace it, is its dynamic, ever-changing nature.

Modern business, in America especially, has made almost a fetish of change and progress. It refuses to stay put. It reaches out incessantly for new techniques, new markets, new peaks of achievement. It refuses to be fenced in by theory or formula in its search for a greater level of production and sales.

The free-enterprise system of today is vastly different from that of 100 years ago, 50 years ago, or even 12 years ago. Unless it is stymied by bureaucratic edict, it is sure to be vastly different a decade or five decades hence.

How absurd to think of this surging, dynamic force—this force that has evoked a new civilization of abundance in freedom—as "reactionary"! How fantastic to think of it as stodgy, static, and frightened of progress!

Liberalism and capitalism have, in fact, common roots. It was no accident that the American Declaration of Independence, the French statement of the Rights of Man, and other charters of modern freedom were given to mankind about the same time as Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations and other classic statements of the free-enterprise philosophy.

The two sets of ideas—on personal freedom and economic freedom, private initiative and private liberties—emerged together. They have remained inseparable. They are the sociological Siamese twins of the capitalist era. The one certainty is that we cannot destroy one of them without destroying the other.

THE nineteenth century was preeminently the age of liberalism. It is no mere coincidence that the same century also witnessed the brilliant unfoldment of capitalism as we know it today. A gigantic upsurge of invention telescoped more technical progress into a few generations than in thousands of years before that. In economy as in political life, the individual human being became the master of his own fate to a degree never before thought possible.

Nowhere was this interlaced expansion of political freedom and private enterprise more obvious and more extensive than in North America. Here we had the advantage of a new start, unimpeded by any feudal left-overs. Here we attracted the freest spirits, the most ambitious and self-reliant peoples from all parts of the world.

The American Revolution itself was a struggle for economic independence. The Boston Tea Party, the protest against foreign taxation, ex-



"In the book they both commit suicide."
LIBERTY

pressed the American colonist's need for business elbow room—for breaking through the bonds of monopolies of the precapitalist type controlled by the mother country. The inalienable rights for which the Founding Fathers fought were economic as well as political and human.

Thus it came about that America, which developed the freest political society, also became the leading capitalist society. Those who think they can limit or even expunge freedom of business enterprise but leave other freedoms intact are fooling themselves. They are misreading history. They refuse to face the fact that the connection between all freedoms is not accidental and arbitrary. It is integral.

Economic and political independence for the individual cannot be severed. The two types of freedom have one heart, one mind, one spirit. They will expire, if expire they must, in the same tragic hour. They will be buried, if such is their fate, in the common grave of totalitarian "discipline."

Let it be remembered that America, the classic land of capitalism, is also the classic land of social progress. Along with a sensational rise in living standards, in the distribution of the products of industry to the greatest number, there has been a parallel rise in social justice, in education, in political rights and legal protections.

Our twentieth century, however, especially since the First World War, has witnessed a *reaction* against political and economic freedom, a revulsion against individual rights. The totalitarian idea—which is at the opposite pole from liberalism—has challenged the achievements of this and the preceding century.

The issue is far from decided.

The magnitude of the struggle was defined recently with characteristic eloquence by Winston Churchill. Alluding to the duel between Communism and liberal civilization, he wrote:

"Greater divergencies have opened among men than those of the religious wars of the Reformation, or of the political and social conflicts of the French Revolution, or of the power struggle just concluded with Hitler's Germany. Schism between Communism on the one hand and Christian ethics and Western civilization on the other is the most deadly, far-reaching and rending that the human race has known."

IN that fateful struggle the totalitarians, the foes of our cherished liberal way of life, have a powerful ally. Its name is Confusion. One of the most effective of their techniques of confusion consists of stealing the slogans, the banners, the symbols of liberalism. They have arrogated to themselves words like "progressive" and "liberal" and by the same token try to impose on the rest of us the epithet "reactionary."

We must make certain that they do not succeed in this strategy of befuddlement. Let us make quite clear to ourselves, and to the American people at large, that capitalism and the liberal life are indivisible. Those who would stamp out economic liberalism may use the language of the nineteenth century, but in practice they are the agents of the new reaction.

We have allowed them too long to sport the labels of the very civilization they are intent upon demolishing.

Look at the countries where the preachments of these new-style "liberals," these totalitarians in "progressive" clothing, have had fullest application. What do we see? Police terror without limit. Peasants tied to the soil like serfs, share-cropping on state-owned estates. Workers bound to their machines like feudal slaves. So-called trade-unions that are only another instrument of power in the fists of the ruling clique.

The sad and almost inexplicable fact is that some Americans, sometimes well-meaning Americans, prefer that enslaved world to our own free world. Strangest of all, they profess themselves to be "liberals" while making war to the death on every liberal idea and institution.

Our job is to expose their hoax. And we cannot afford to fail. If they get away with it here, where the liberal tradition is most robust, the last hope of Western civilization will be dead.

Now, as never before, we have need for self-respecting pride in our past and faith in our future. We must draw a clean line of distinction between those in our midst who would fortify the American reality and those who would destroy it—between friend and foe of the liberal way of life, the capitalist way, the way of freedom and human dignity.

THE END

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THE GREEN-EYED IDOL

Continued from Page 23

You're an old shikari. How are we going to put him in the bag?"

"The same jungle tactics are the only ones I know. I've got a plan outlined, but the details have to be worked out mighty carefully."

CHARLEY rode into Warwick's estate shortly after noon the next day, as the latter approached on horseback.

"Well," Warwick remarked when they had shaken hands, "what luck?"

"Nothing like as good as we hoped. And we lost a man."

"So?"

"I had just got back to my tiger blind after raiding the pagoda. I had a bait laid to make it look on the up-and-up. Well, I heard a man cry out and try to run—then scream as a tiger grabbed him. What Newar was doing there I can't imagine. I got down the tree in a hurry—dropped my rifle—and by the time I'd got set, the brute had carried him off."

"Why didn't he shoot the beast himself?" Warwick asked. "He wouldn't have ventured into the jungle at night without a gun. Of course, if it was an old flintlock borrowed from a native—"

Charley admired the way his enemy had led up to the touchy business of Newar's rifle. "If he had one, he didn't have time to fire, and must have dropped it in the thickets. I didn't think to look."

Charley saw the fear go out of Warwick's eyes and something else come in. He was just now realizing the extent of his defeat—his perfect plot failing through blind chance. Charley still lived. Warwick looked at him and knew that he had not even smoked opium on the trip. And other bad news was to come. . . .

"You'll want to know about the idol," Charley went on in an anxious, nervous tone. "The report was that the green eyes were jade and they jolly well are."

Warwick's hand tightened a little on the rein. Newar dead, but Howard Davis' son alive and quite able to satisfy Dorothy's yearning. A piece of jade instead of two priceless emeralds. That was what Charley just said. *But if he lied . . .*

"You brought them, of course?" Warwick asked quietly.

"Yes. They're worth something, so I substituted the phonies as planned. I fancy somebody beat our time on the real jewels."

Rather hastily Charley got out the green stones. "You can have your pick."

"Either one will do. I'll keep it for a souvenir of an adventure in crime that didn't pan out."

"I'm mighty sorry, Mr. Warwick." Then Charley grew faintly truculent. "But remember I took a lot of risks getting those rocks—and I never could have, except for standing in with the natives. After all, I'm Charley Davis. That means something out here, even if I haven't set any world on fire since getting out of the service."

He was fighting for all that he held dear, and had taken great pains, thus he fought well.

"There are a lot of mighty pukka sahibs who weren't in the service," Charley went on. "They were piling up dough—sometimes in ways that their friends could never guess."

Warwick patted his big bay horse. "What ways do you mean?"

"Graft, for instance. Crooked deals. Smuggling in whisky—or drugs. If it's a big sahib doing it, the C.I.D. never catches on."

"Right you are. How about going to the house for a drink?"

"Well, I'm hot and thirsty. But I've got a job promised in Calcutta, and I'd better take the afternoon plane."

The whole world seemed to hang on Warwick's reply. It came after a brief pause:

"It wouldn't be smart, Charley, to pull out until we've reported Newar's death and let the police in Gauhati ask the usual questions. They're sticklers, you know, for the formalities."

By that tug Charley knew his fish was still on the line.

DOROTHY joined her husband and Charley on the veranda and that completed a fateful triangle.

Warwick bolted his drink and then excused himself to go in the house. It was as though he were up to his old tricks. But Charley doubted that. More likely he had pressing business.

What would be his first move if he suspected that his guest had two priceless emeralds on his person? Had Charley and his aides guessed right?

Warwick returned in a minute or two, and Charley felt that something had been settled in his mind. Dorothy gazed at her husband with startled inquiry in her eyes.

Charley announced that he would go to his room and clean up. Sauntering upstairs, he closed his door quietly, then locked it softly.

Every hunter, every jungle wallah knew that the closest watch and the safest shot was from a treetop. Instinctively Charley's gaze lifted toward the ceiling.

An electric fan hung there, and the plate holding the shaft was slotted in a curious way.

Charley had not the slightest doubt that his every move was watched. He rambled uncertainly about the room, turned back the mattress of the bed and looked into its spring, finally crouched before one of his bags. He took from his tobacco pouch the two balls of green glass which he had told Warwick had replaced the jade eyes of the idol. As he put them in a small secret compartment of the bag they gleamed in the sunlit room like a rajah's emeralds.

There was death in the pot from this moment.

CHARLEY bathed and changed, then joined his hosts on the breezy veranda. A couple named Hargrave, neighboring tea planters and patent worshipers of Warwick, had dropped in. They thought it a pity that Charley's shikar had been interrupted by the loss of a "beater."

"By the way, Charley, the front sight of the big rifle was knocked askew. Did it get a bump?" Warwick asked.

Charley became as alert as though he had heard a little rustling in the jungle when following dangerous game.

"A pretty big bump," Charley answered. "Didn't I mention that I dropped it, getting down the tree in a hurry?" He did not, however, recall anything wrong with the sight.

"You may've said so. It slipped my mind. Well, I had one of the boys straighten the bead—can't say how good a job he did." Without moving in his chair Warwick raised his voice and called "Boy!" When one of his Madrasis appeared, he ordered the big rifle brought in its case.

"You don't go in for shikar, Hargrave," he remarked.

"Haven't good enough eyes."

"Well, you're sitting with the best shikari in the district—one of the best in India. He's a dead shot too—" Warwick stopped as the rifle was brought, fitted it together, and gazed along the sights. "It looks all right to me, but I'd better try it on a mark," he went on, slipping a cartridge into the right barrel.

Charley was sure now that the little rustling had not been made by the breeze. The only doubt remaining in his mind was from what direction and in what form the blow would fall. Was the gun to go off by accident? Warwick would hardly dare be "careless" with firearms if his wife's lover were the victim.

"Be careful with that big thing," Hargrave said nervously.

"Don't worry. I know it's loaded. Any bounder who points a gun toward his pals ought to be shut up in jail till he learns better."

It was an elephant gun of .470 caliber and struck a blow of three tons. That was a fact, but not a pertinent one as yet.

Then, with the rifle across his lap, Warwick smiled ruefully, patting his right shoulder. "On second thought, I'd better not," he said. "I forgot the wrench I took when my horse shied this morning. Charley, do you want to try it?"

"Certainly."

Charley spoke calmly despite his fiercely prickling skin. The stage had been perfectly set. The Hargraves would be ideal witnesses.

What about Dorothy? She was sitting very still, Charley noticed, her face pallid, what might be at once fear and wild excitement in her eyes.

"You don't mind the kick, Charley?" Hargrave asked.

That was good! The kick, said innocent Hargrave.

(*Continued on page 52*)

Are you in the know?



For that new Romantic Look, should you—

- ☐ *Appear pale and languid*
- ☐ *Take a tip from great-grandma*
- ☐ *Affect false eye-lashes*

After-dark fashion's all soft lights, sweet music. So rustle out of that jumpin' mood; waltz into the romantic picture wearing dream stuff—a la great-grandma. Such as a fragile little shawl . . . a 3-strand pearl choker centered with an old family brooch. You're an all-time charmer now! And so poised, at *trying* times—with Kotex to protect you. That exclusive *safety center* gives you *extra* protection, you know.



If you're chatter-shy, which date is wisest?

- ☐ *Dancing*
- ☐ *Dinner*
- ☐ *An active sport*

Maybe a Cute Brute makes a bid. Maybe you're no whiz at small talk. Suggest some active sport you shine at...and conversation will take care of itself. You're confident, too, when (on "those" days) you let *new* Kotex keep you comfortable. For never, never has there been a napkin like this new, *different* Kotex! With downy *softness* that holds its shape. Actually! Made to *stay* soft while you wear it.



Think she'll cut more ice with *him*, if she—

- ☐ *Grooms those gams*
- ☐ *Goes in for hockey*
- ☐ *Plays oh-so-helpless*

On a skate date, can your pegs take a close-up? Are they fuzz-less . . . shapely? To slim them, do this at home, twice daily: Lying on left side, raise right leg as high as possible, touching ankle with right hand. Repeat ten times with each leg. Helps whittle 'em down to glamour-size. On problem days, the proper size of *napkin* aids self-assurance. Choose from the *3 sizes* of Kotex . . . Regular, Junior, Super.



To a clever hostess, what's a good mixer?

- ☐ *Cement*
- ☐ *Circus party*
- ☐ *Cola and hamburgers*

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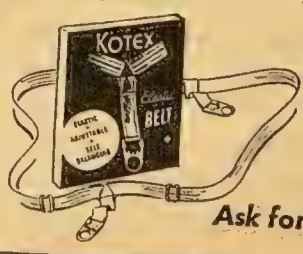


3 guesses what girls forget most!

- ☐ *Brush hair thoroughly*
- ☐ *Exercise faithfully*
- ☐ *Buy a new sanitary belt*

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★ RECORDS ★

THE BLUES: A DIALOGUE



BY LOUIS ARMSTRONG and JACK TEAGARDEN

MR. T.: Reverend Satchelmouth, tell me, what is your text for today?

MR. A.: Well, Elder Teabutton, the time has come to talk about that exclusively American art form known as the Blues.

MR. T.: First time I ever encountered the Blues was back in Vernon, Texas, in short-pants days. I heard somebody sing the song about St. James Infirmary. It moved me like no music ever had before. When did you first hear the Blues, Louis?

MR. A.: Big Gate, when I was a boy in Storyville I used to hustle "stone" coal after school. That's what we called hard coal. Every evening I would go along my route, hurrying fast as I could, until I got to Pete Lala's cabaret. Then I would stand quietly, hoping I wouldn't be noticed, while I listened to King Oliver's band playing inside.

MR. T.: No one could ask for a more authentic introduction to the Blues than a course with Professor King Oliver. Too bad all those wonderful Blues specialists were so seldom recorded.

MR. A.: Many of them never saw a recording studio. But the greatest of them all did make records. That was Bessie Smith, who was properly billed wherever she appeared as "The Empress of the Blues."

MR. T.: I never heard anyone put so much feeling into the Blues. When she talked about her man, why, there couldn't be any misunderstanding about her heartbreak. Columbia has just reissued a set of records Bessie made in 1929, 1930, and 1933. [Set C-142.] And I'm proud those four 1933 sides are included, because I was in that Bessie Smith band, and believe me, Bessie was inspiring.

MR. A.: Someone named Benny Goodman played the clarinet that day, too.

MR. T.: But the Blues didn't pass with Bessie. Today there are youngsters coming up playing and singing a whole mess of Blues.

MR. A.: Isn't it the truth! There's that Lucky Thompson & His Lucky Seven [Victor] with a bright new record called Boppin' the Blues. There's a fast-moving teen-age band called Bob Wilbur's Wildcats. I like their Mabel's Dream. [Commodore.] And as far as swinging those Blues is concerned, who's going to do it better than that man with the Kansas City keyboard, Count Basie? I'm fixing to wear out his Brand New Wagon. [Victor.]

MR. T.: And don't forget Eddie Condon's free-wheeling kind of Blues. Eddie was the man who put the Blues on the symphony platforms. His latest album expresses his philosophy about the Blues.

MR. A.: What does he call it, Gate?

MR. T.: His title is We Called It Music. [Decca.]

MR. A.: That is the sermon I wanted to preach today.

MR. T.: Doxology!

MR. A.: Use all the doors! Use all the doors!

EDITOR'S NOTE: Jazz authorities seldom agree on anything. But there is one basic that all of them seem to accept. That is simply that Louis Armstrong and Jack Teagarden are the greatest living exponents of the Blues. Louis and Jack, united these days in a concert group, have recently made two unusual Blues records. They are The Fifty Fifty Blues and the Jack Armstrong Blues (Victor).

(Continued from page 50)

"It's a stiff jolt," Charley explained wisely. "You see, it shoots an ounce ball propelled by ninety grains of cordite. But if you hold it firmly and don't think of anything but squeezing the trigger, it's not too bad."

"Where's a good mark?" Warwick asked. "How about that round patch of gray moss low down on the trunk of the big pipal tree?"

"Right."

"But you'd better shoot from the terrace. This elevation would affect the sighting." He was handing Charley the rifle, carefully, a man who knew guns.

Charley had been wondering how Warwick was going to get him off the veranda so his shooting could be watched from above. It was to be a perfect crime.

Charley appeared to think of something. "Did your man clean the gun?" he asked. He thought he heard Dorothy catch her breath.

"Why, I suppose so."

"Well, I didn't, in the excitement of losing Newar. I'd never shot it, you see. And I'd dropped it in the dirt—"

As he spoke, Charley opened the breech, slipped out the cartridge, and was now peering into the barrel.

"Well?" Warwick asked.

"By Jove, the barrel's clogged! I got some dirt in it, and it's a mighty lucky thing—"

Amid a stunned silence Charley reached to the case for the ramrod.

"Lucky's no word for it!" Hargrave exclaimed. "Why, the gun would have burst and mangled or killed somebody, sure!"

EVERYONE knew who that somebody was. The others would have been safe up on the veranda. "It's a tight block," Charley remarked, exerting force on the rod. "The dirt was damp and it's dried like plaster, close to the breech." A heavy thrust dislodged the obstruction and an ounce or more of dirt came out.

"My God, Charley, it would have blown the breech right in your face!" Warwick cried. "I'm going to fire that boy—" He started to rise.

"Hell, no. It was my fault, not his. Of course he assumed that a hunter wouldn't return a borrowed gun without cleaning it." Charley whistled. "And if you'd had an occasion to shoot it—"

"I'd have got it instead of you! And I'm not enough of a shikari to think of looking through the barrel—"

"Are you going to try it, Charley, now it's safe?" Dorothy asked in a gay tone. But he got the impression that she was watching Warwick, not himself.

"Sweet, I couldn't hit the side of a barn this moment."

This was one trick that he and Chatterji and Judy had not even thought of! How wonderfully Warwick had taken advantage of Charley's chance remark that he had

dropped the gun! When the scene appeared composed and casual, the Hargraves rose to leave.

"How about coming over for an afternoon bridge?" Mrs. Hargrave asked.

"I can't," Warwick answered thoughtfully. "Neither can Charley. We're expecting a formal call from the police about that poor devil of a Nepalese. But, Dorothy—there's no reason you shouldn't go."

It seemed to Charley there was an inaudible, invisible exchange between them. "Well, it's going to be dull around here, with you and Charley busy," she replied. "I'll go."

That was handy for Warwick, Charley thought. Suddenly he wondered—he hated doing so, but he must—whether Dorothy suspected it would also be handy for her!

His train of thought that followed was remorseless. By her marriage, Dorothy had become First Lady of the Duars, immensely rich, and quite possibly—because of some mystery of their relationship, never to be known beyond its closed, dark curtains—free to indulge herself in clandestine love affairs. If the latter were true, it might mean that she held something over her husband. Could she have lived with him nearly five years without discovering some of his secrets?

In any case, she did not want him ruined. Too, she had learned to rely on his judgment; at the last to put her own welfare in his cunning care. Charley knew, beyond question now, that Dorothy had perceived her husband's wish for her to absent herself today—immediately after an event threatening her former lover's life—and she had granted that wish.

That was all Charley did know. The rest was ugly conjecture—but it was enough that he would never touch her lips again.

THE Hargraves and Dorothy had gone. Charley and Warwick were left alone. This was a crucial moment. Charley had seen Warwick speak to one of his houseboys as the others were leaving, and now the same boy appeared, salaaming. The master was wanted on the telephone—but Charley had not heard it ring.

Warwick returned to announce that the Gauhati police had decided not to call today, that no formal investigation of Newar's death appeared necessary. However, Charley would please await word from headquarters before returning to Calcutta.

"You could have gone with the Hargraves—if you'd felt up to it," Warwick said. "But you do look a litttle seedy."

"I've got an attack of malaria coming on," Charley answered.

"Do you want to go to bed?"

"I'll stay in my room and try to break it up. I know something better than whisky and quinine."

Warwick looked puzzled. "What?"

"A little opium. You may not believe that, Warwick—maybe you



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think I'm just yearning for the pipes—but it *does* ward off fever."

"Well, I've heard that."

"Do you have any idea where I could get some? A lot comes into this country, I hear, from Bhutan."

"I expect some of my men have it. How much do you want?"

"Well, it takes quite a lot. You see, I smoke occasionally when my wound hurts, and I've developed some resistance. Do you think you could get enough for forty pipes?"

"I'll try. But, Charley, you'd better take some quinine too."

It seemed to Charley there was an electric crackle in the air.

"Like a fool, I didn't bring any."

"That's easy," Warwick said. "I have some in my medicine cabinet."

What else did he keep there? Not opium, probably—that would look bad in case of accident—but Charley and his aides had figured on him having a certain opium product.

Forty pipes of opium would not kill Charley, but ten grains of morphine taken by mouth would turn the trick beyond all doubt. And beyond all danger of discovery, even in case of a post-mortem. The cause of death would be "opium, smoked to excess"—bearing out Warwick's report.

And morphine was a white bitter powder, very like quinine!

EVENTS moved with long, quickening strides. Did Charley have a pipe? Warwick asked. Why, yes, he'd happened to bring one. Actually Chatterji had furnished him one this morning, borrowed from a villager.

Warwick departed to find him some opium—in his haste he would probably go to the cache instead of to some smoker in his crews, and Judy would be watching. Charley had a candle on his bedstand for toasting the syrup when Warwick returned from his errand.

"Don't say anything about this to Dorothy," he said. "She wouldn't understand that it's medicine in this case."

"No fear!"

"You won't need that candle. I got some from one of my men all ready to smoke. I don't know how much he gave me for a ten-rupee note."

Charley unwrapped a dirty paper and found enough for eighty pipes.

"That's more than I need," he said with a shifty look, "but I'll put most of it away for the next attack."

"Has the chill come on yet?"

"Just beginning."

"You'd better take ten grains of quinine now, and another ten grains in about an hour." He handed Charley two white capsules. "I'll get you a glass of water."

It was against common sense that Warwick would administer the poison until the room was rank with the Black Smoke and Charley had had time for a hundred pipes since the Hargraves' departure. Ten grains of morphine would put him into coma in a few minutes.

"I'll get the water." Charley took the capsules into the bathroom and hurried back empty-handed. But his hands did not remain empty long. Trembling a little, he took the pipe.

"I guess you've seen people smoke before," he said in a brazen tone, "so I'll make myself at home."

"Do. And I won't be shocked, if that's what you mean."

"I didn't think you'd be." Charley inserted one of the brown balls into the bowl, lighted it, and inhaled the smoke in rapid puffs. It was consumed in a few seconds.

AFTER two more, he felt a first pleasant dizziness. Warwick continued to chat with him. How many more could he smoke, Charley wondered, without impairment of his powers. Surely Warwick intended to be absent from the house—seen by his workmen so that he could swear that he knew nothing about the opium orgy until too late. But plainly he was just wary enough to make sure that Charley was under the effect of the drug before his next move.

Charley smoked two more pipes. Then someone knocked.

Warwick went into the hall and returned with his eyes burning. "Judy Millroy has asked to see you."

"Oh, the devil!" Charley's seeming annoyance masked his alarm. He had ordered Judy not to come to the house until he had given a certain signal.

"What do you think she wants?" Warwick was alarmed too.

"I know what she wants. I promised her something while on the trip—you can guess why." For Judy's reputation with this killer was of no consequence now. "She's come to see me about it."

"If it's something I can furnish her—money, for instance—"

Warwick's voice had trembled a moment before, but now it steadied, as he recalled two green globes that a spy had seen Charley conceal in his bag. No doubt he had boasted to Judy of great riches.

"No, I promised to take her to Calcutta. I've no money, of course—I was going to get her a job. But I'd better talk to her in private. I'll get rid of her straight off."

He preceded Warwick downstairs; then, going alone on the veranda, he addressed Judy in a harsh voice perfectly audible within.

"Now, look. I told you I wouldn't slip off without you, and I don't want you interfering—"

Quick-witted Judy instantly played up, interrupting him in a sharp angry tone. "You said you'd come for me two hours ago! Instead, you've got hold of some chandoo—"

"Shut up! Do you want everybody in the house to hear you? Come out on the terrace and I'll explain."

Charley lowered his voice, safe from eavesdroppers, as they walked off. "What is it? Quick!" he asked.

"Chatterji's been shot from ambush and left for dead."

To be concluded in the next issue.

THE BAD ONE

Continued from Page 21

"That's right," Stinky said. "It was his gang, wasn't it?"

"It was," said Mike, "but it preyed on the lad until he couldn't go to confession because he couldn't tell what was on his mind, and the priest took note of it. He was a good man and had an eye to his people. He saw the lad on the street one day and stopped him.

"'I'll not,' he said, 'be telling you what you're to do, but I'll tell you a word out of a book a man wrote, where he said a man's got to be true to himself first of all. It's a good word,' the priest said.

"In time the lad went to the police and told what he knew, though he covered for his gang, and the more shame to him for that. The police made him tell it to the governor, and the governor pardoned the fella and got him his job back."

"Yeah?" said Stinky. "And what did the gang do to the boy?"

"Nothing," said Mike. "What could they do? When he was old enough they put him on the force."

"They put *you* on," said Stinky.

Mike colored up. "Gowan wid ye," he said. "The bell's ringing."

It was Big Mike who started the schoolboy patrol in our city, and I'll always believe he started it for Stinky. When he appointed the patrol, he made Stinky captain. Maybe that was a mistake.

We thought he was lording it over us, and that made us talk at home, and Mr. Lait called a meeting of all our folks.

Mike was there, and he stood up for Stinky and he told our folks the way to help a boy wasn't to slap his face. But they wouldn't listen to him because, they said, to honor a boy who lied and stole was a bad example to set the rest of us kids. When they got through, Stinky was out as captain, and off the patrol.

NEXT day, before the principal had a chance to call him in, Stinky walked into the office and dropped his belt and badge and flag and whistle on the desk. He didn't say a word.

He was different after that day, Stinky was. He'd been diffident and —well, hopeful, but now he was hard and bold and shamefaced all at once.

Now that I come to write it down, the words come hard, though the years have passed and there shouldn't be sentiment in any of this. I was on the corner half an hour before school time one morning, according to the rule. Mike wasn't there. Finally a police car drove up and a new man got out.

"Where's Mike?" I asked when he came to stand beside me.

"He won't be here today," the new man said. "I'm Patrolman Ford."

It was the big boys in eighth grade who told us, at recess. They had a class in current events, and we had the first school radio set in the city. Newscasts were just beginning then.

"Mike's dead," they said, with that half swagger of a youngster bringing important news. "He got shot.

"Two fellas shot him," they said, helping one another with the telling. "Out at Beeler's place at the end of the bridge. They were hijacking some slot machines, and Mike saw 'em, and they shot him when he went in for 'em. They didn't give him a chance."

The man who ran the place, Beeler, said they were masked. One of them slapped him on the side of the head with a gun. Beeler was still groggy when the broadcast came over.

AFTER school only the little kids and the girls went home. The rest of us stayed in the school yard. Even Stinky. He sat by himself over beside the playground gate, where he'd stood so often talking to Mike.

The rest of us sat on the south steps and talked big. Jim Henderson came by and dropped us an extra paper from his route. Stinky came over while Ted Long read how Mike had come to the force from across the river, and how he was the sole support of his mother, and how he was married, too, and they had a baby girl. It was a sob story, I know now, and was meant to make us cry. Well, it did.

Fred Lait wiped his eyes on the back of his hand and said he knew what he'd do if he could catch the men who shot Mike.

"I'd take a gun," he said, "and I'd shoot 'em as many times as I had bullets. And then I'd load up and shoot 'em some more."

"I'd hang 'em," said Slats Averill.

"Yeah," said another voice, and there was Stinky, right in the middle of the crowd. "Yeah," he said, "you talk a lot, but I don't see you doing anything!"

I never heard his voice sound like that before. He sounded grown up and tough.

Ted Long was an eighth grader and pretty much of a leader around school. He folded up the paper and said, real quiet, "And what are you going to do, Stinky?"

"What do you think I'm going to do?" Stinky asked. "I'm going to find out who did it, and turn them over to the police. They'll take care of the rest of it."

"Don't you suppose the police'll take care of the whole thing?" Ted asked. "It's their job."

Stinky stared at us, wide-eyed, but those eyes weren't guileless or pleading. There was something else in them. Amazement. Hardness.

"Don't you want to do anything?" he demanded. "You just talking?"

"What can we do that the police can't?" Ted Long asked.

"Will you listen?" Stinky said. "Will you listen until I'm through, and then, if you don't want to help me, will you keep your mouths shut so I can try to do it alone?"

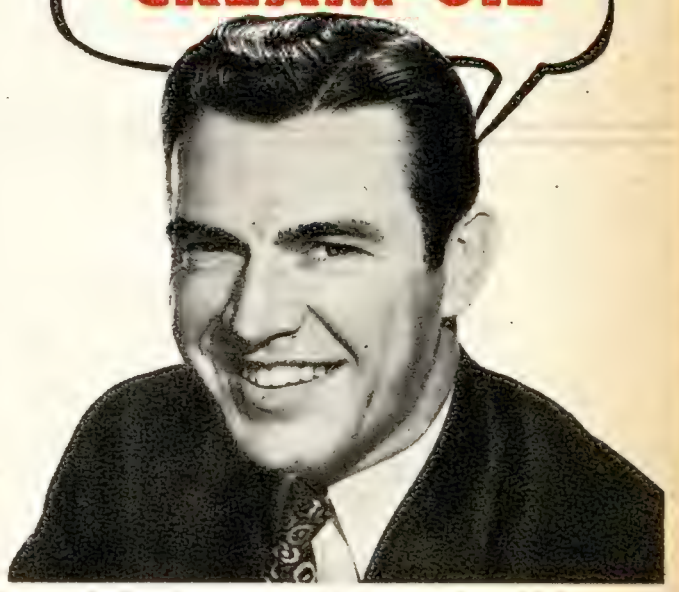
Ted looked us all over. "I'm will-

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ing to listen," he said, "and any kid that doesn't keep his mouth shut gets a sock from me."

"All right," said Stinky. "The police are going to look for a bootlegger or something, the way the paper said. They're talking about rival gangs and somebody muscling in on somebody else. There isn't any rival gang. I know.

"And the police are going to figure this is the start of a lot of hijacking of slot machines, and maybe they'll hold back and watch, and then it'll be too late."

"Don't you think there'll be any more?" Ted asked.

"I don't know," Stinky admitted, "but the time to get those two is right away."

"How?"

Stinky stared at the ground and kicked a pebble off the cement walk. "I don't believe any men did it," he said at last. "Massoni's got this town sewed up tight, and there isn't any man going to cross him. There haven't been any strangers over across the river."

Ted looked around at the rest of us before he spoke. "You figure it's kids, Stinky?"

"I got to figure it that way," he said. "Listen! If kids did this, they'll have to get rid of the money somehow. One machine was for nickels and the other for quarters, and they cleaned 'em out. That's a lot of nickels and quarters.

"We've got to spread out, all over town. Maybe six of us go to White City and watch the rides and shooting galleries and side shows and stuff. Some more of us go around to the roller rinks and the soda fountains and hang around the pool halls and cigar stores. What we want is to find some kid who pays for stuff in nickels and quarters—not just one or two, because any kid might have those—and that means we'll have to follow anybody we suspect and we'll have to do it carefully. Whoever did that has killed one man."

"We aren't very smart at following people," Ted said.

"I KNOW it," Stinky told him. "So we pass anybody we're trailing around. The one that spots him tips off another kid, and he passes him along to somebody else, see? And another thing. Listen all the time. No kid can walk around with a pocketful of nickels and not jingle them, especially when he runs, or jumps up or down off a curb or something."

"What're you going to do?" Ted asked.

"I'm going across the river," Stinky said. "They're used to me there."

"Let's get started," Ted said. "We'll meet here just before supper, and if we don't spot anybody today, we'll try again tomorrow."

We tried. I went with Ted and four others to the amusement park and we spread out and watched and listened, but we didn't see anybody spending too many nickels or quarters, and we didn't hear anybody



"Now comes the part where I slapped his face!"
LIBERTY

jingle. It was five thirty when we came into the school yard, and most of the others were there. By quarter of six we were all there except Stinky, and he arrived within five minutes. He was walking slowly, like a kid on his way to the dentist, only more so.

"You didn't spot anybody," he said. It was a statement.

"We'll try again tomorrow," Ted told him, but Stinky shook his head.

"Something's funny over there," he said, nodding toward the river. "The police are moving around, of course, and everybody's quiet. Too quiet, because the kids aren't traveling together. They aren't out on the streets or at the playground." He stood quiet a few moments. "Listen," he said finally. "Are any of you guys game to try something tough?"

"Are you?" Ted asked him.

"I think I am," Stinky said. "I hope I am."

"All right," Ted said. "How many do you want?"

"I want you," Stinky said, "and Brad and Jim Henderson, and somebody else. Somebody husky."

"That's you, Fred," Ted said. "How about it?"

Fred looked at Stinky. He still hated him. "All right," he said, "if you guys are going. What do we do?"

"Come to my house after supper," Stinky said. "My mother's going to be out some place. She's going at seven thirty. Monk Sanstrup's coming over at eight o'clock."

"Why's he coming?" Ted asked.

"I told him I had a gun I wanted to show him," Stinky said.

"You've got a gun?" Jim Henderson said.

"My mother has."

"What about Monk?" Ted asked.

"I don't know," Stinky said. "That's why I told him I had one. If he has one, he'll bring it. He couldn't let a little kid like me get ahead of him. The police found the bullet that killed Mike. It was from a .38. They could tell the gun it came from."

"What've you got on Monk?" I asked, and Stinky shook his head.

"Nothing," he admitted. "I've gotta find out, that's all. He and Barney Dail are sticking right together, watching each other. They don't act the way they usually do. They're scared. I'm gonna bluff him. It's the only way I can see, and we gotta find out who killed Mike."

"If you're wrong," Fred Lait said, "Monk'll beat the tar outa you."

"I know," Stinky said, flat.

AS soon as Mrs. Leach had closed the front door and started walking up toward the bus corner, we were in the house and going upstairs. We went into her room first.

"It's in here," Stinky said, and opened the top drawer of her bureau. He reached in under some gloves and things and pulled out a little automatic pistol. He snapped the slide back and we saw the cartridge slip into the chamber as he let it close and pushed the safety catch on. We went into his room and nobody had anything to say.

Remembering the books on his shelves, I can understand how he knew what to do with us. They were detective stories and books of adventure and some histories and stories about wars.

He put Ted and me just inside the closet door, with the door open so we could see through the hinge crack. Fred Lait was behind a screen in the corner behind the door to the hall, and Jim Henderson was crouched down low behind the head of the bed.

Stinky said, "I don't know what's going to happen, but I want you to be ready. Let me take care of things unless you see I can't make it alone." He looked around. "And be careful," he said. "Monk's a dirty fighter and he's mean."

Monk Sanstrup was just a name to us before that night, but he wasn't afterward. Ted and I could see him as he came through the door. I'd call it a weak face now, but then it looked tough and hard.

He flopped into a chair and put his feet on Stinky's desk and fumbled a cigarette out of his pocket. Stinky sat on the bed.

Monk's eyes kept going around the room, from door to window, from bookshelves to desk, shifting all the time.

"Pretty nice," Monk said. "Pretty nice. What's all the books for?"

"I used to read 'em," Stinky said.

"Nuts," Monk said "You don't get any place readin' books."

Stinky started to say something, but the doorbell rang, and he jumped. Monk jumped too, and his hand went inside his jacket and came out again, empty.

"Go see who it is," Monk said.

Stinky went, and we heard his voice, and another one. Monk got up and stood by the window with his

(*Continued on page 58*)

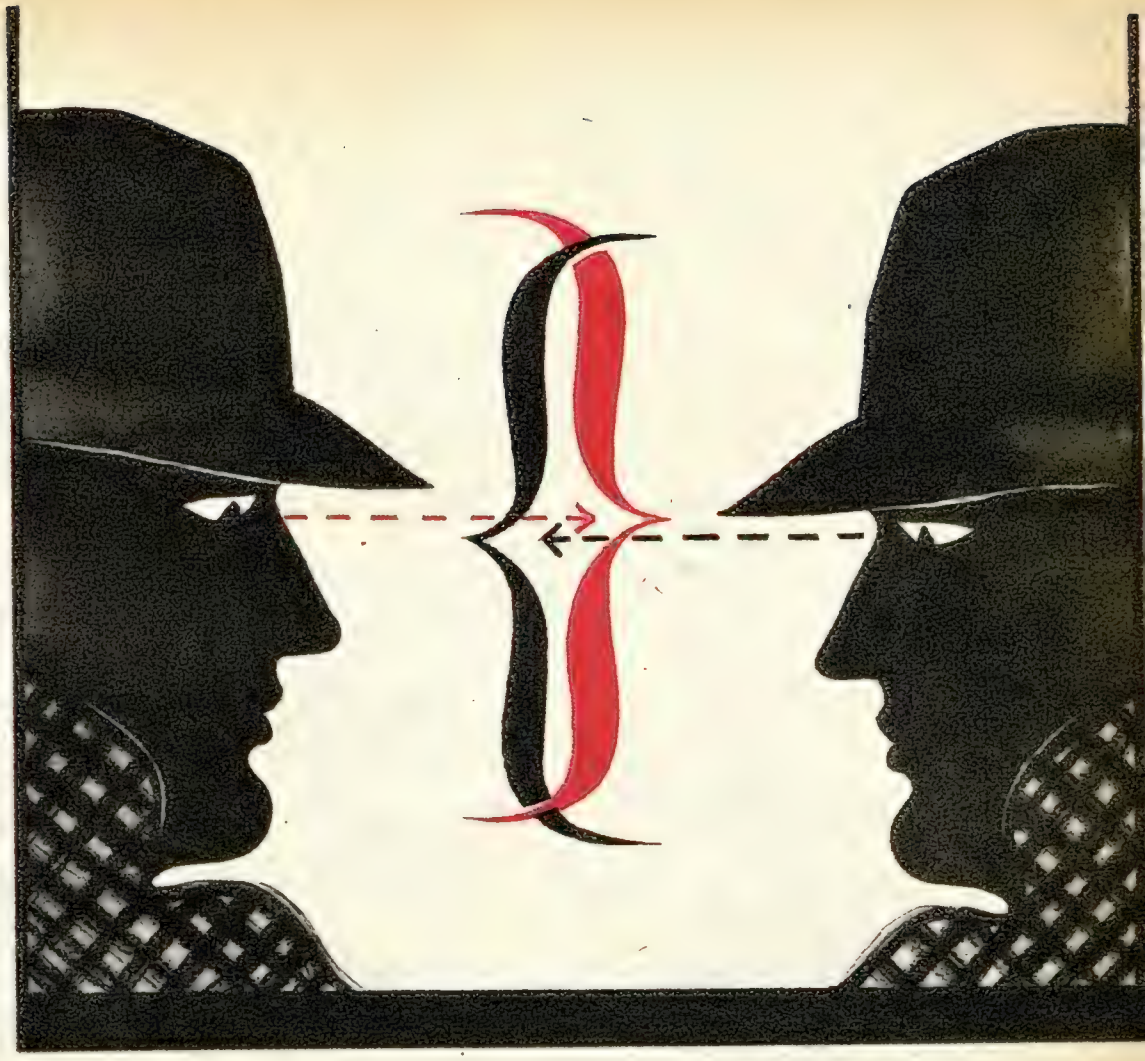
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(*Continued from page 56*)
hand inside his coat again. The door opened and Stinky came in.

The boy with him was older than we were, but younger than Monk. He had a freckled face and a squashed nose, and his eyes were set too close together. They kept twitching around.

"Whatcha doin' here, Barney?" Monk said, and we knew this was Barney Dail, and my heart started thumping even harder. Monk Sanstrup and Barney Dail in one room!

"I heard you was over here," Barney said. "What'sa idea, Monk?"

"How come you care what I do?" Monk asked. "Just be careful you keep offa my heels, see? Stinky, here, says he's gotta gun."

"I have got one," Stinky said, and held out the tiny weapon.

"Nuts," Monk said. "Call that a gun?" He reached inside his jacket and pulled out a nasty-looking revolver. From every chamber a blunt nose of lead peeped out. He held it sideward toward Stinky.

"There's a gun," he said. "Not a damn water pistol. That's a .38."

I saw Stinky stiffen, saw him shift his own weapon until it was pointing at the two, and before he spoke the safety catch clicked down.

"Put that thing down," he said, and his voice sounded as though he was going to cry. "This isn't any water pistol. Put that gun down."

I could feel Ted all tensed to jump, but my own legs were weak. Monk never moved, and Barney stood there, his eyes shooting all over.

"What'sa idea, Stinky?" Monk said.

"You killed Mike McNirney," Stinky said. "You did." He took a deep breath, and what he said next was the last lie I ever heard him tell. "I was coming down to the bridge to meet Mike, and when I came out of the alley I saw him go in, and then you shot him and ran out. I saw both of you, and I'm going to shoot you both, right now."

Monk looked at him, and I realized that Monk was scared.

"What'sa cop, Stinky?" he said. "I told you how cops are."

"I'm going to shoot you," Stinky said. "I'm going to shoot you in the belly, the way you shot Mike."

"Listen, Stinky," said Monk, and his head jerked toward Barney. "He done it. I didn't have the gat."

"I'm gonna shoot you," Stinky repeated, and now Monk moved. He moved slowly, a step at a time, and Barney was right beside him. Monk's gun was still in his hands, but he hadn't shifted it.

"You ain't got the guts," he said. "You ain't got the guts to shoot me, an' if you did, you'd burn for it."

"You killed Mike."

"Sure, but who else's heard me say it?"

"I have!" said Stinky, "and that's all I want to hear." His gun arm came up in a quick jerk, and I thought he was going to shoot. So did Monk, because he stopped, and his gun clattered to the floor.

"No!" he yelled. "Don't!"

Stinky kicked the gun under the bed and threw his own after it.

"Damn you!" he said, and he threw himself on Monk, hitting him blindly.

Monk stopped him with one knee. He lifted it in and watched Stinky go writhing to the floor, and started for the bed. He didn't get there.

I hit him once, and Fred Lait came out from behind the screen and slugged Barney Dail behind the ear. It was Ted who banged Monk's head against the wall and laid him out, and Stinky crawled over and kept hitting him until we pulled him away.

MR. LAIT bought the special white leather Sam Browne belt for Stinky, and when he presented it to him in school assembly and made him chief of the patrol again, he said he'd heard a name the other kids had for Jarret Leach, and he didn't want any son of his using it again.

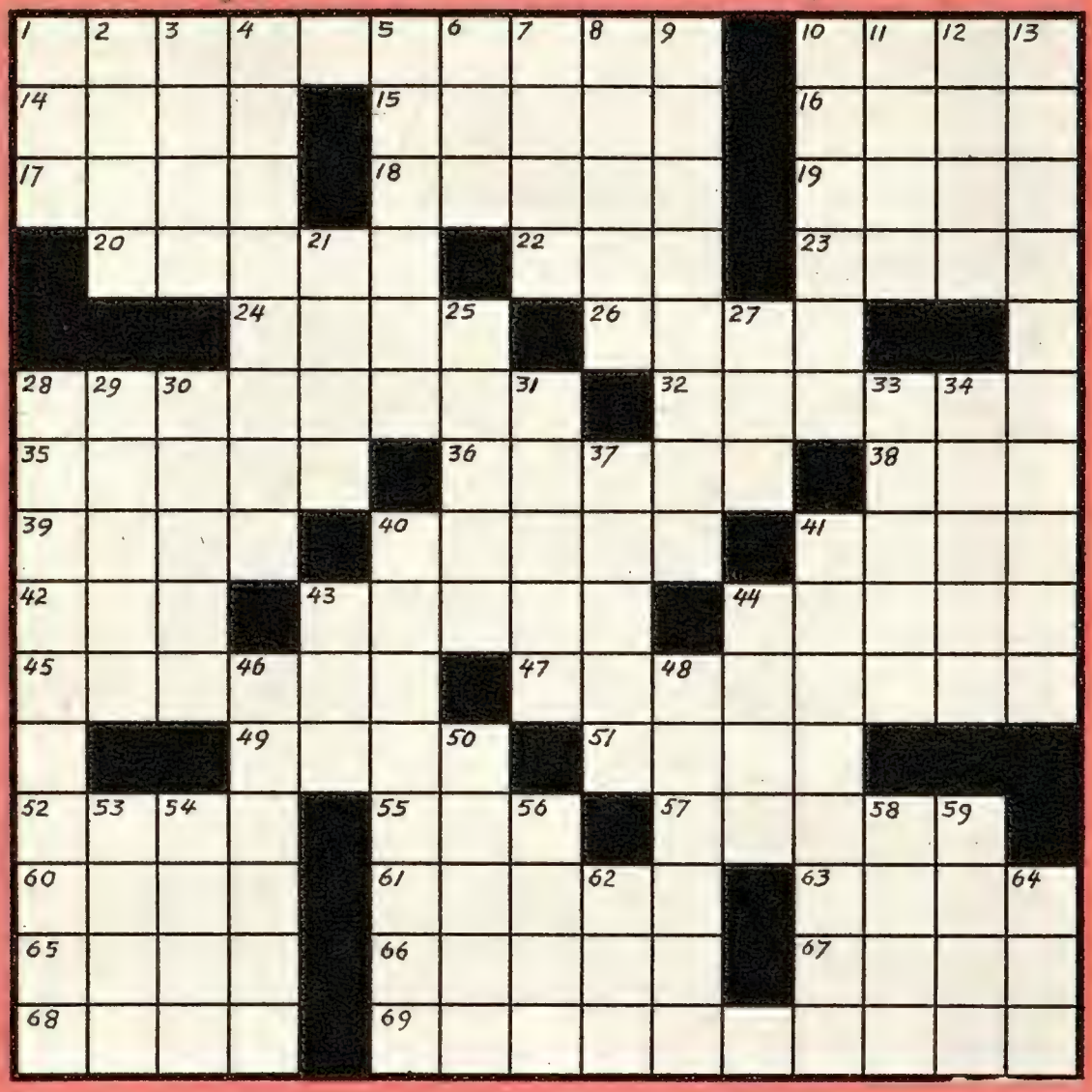
Stinky said, "But gosh, Mr. Lait, that's my name, isn't it? I wouldn't want them calling me Jarret!"

THE END



COCKEYED CROSSWORD

Puzzle 427 BY TED SHANE 1/1/48



HORIZONTAL

1 Steed used in pedestrian polo
10 After a long period on the up-and-up, they're in for a serious let-down
14 Bro. Lapin
15 A fabulous ending
16 This has shafty ways
17 If you're going to hit one, hit it hard enough to overcome it
18 Man without a country
19 What Howard Hughes got out of Sen. Brewster—if not that cargo plane
20 Often called the wee hours of the night
22 World's most wonderful Uncle
23 Gal's name
24 Congress wishes Truman would keep his out of its business
26 This has caused a serious split in the over-all picture
28 Often full of sugar 'n' spice 'n' everything nice
32 An old wise guy
35 *Raise* a sun (anag.)
36 "Nuts" to you tongue-twisters
38 This ol' hombre jes' keeps rollin' around Spain
39 Low-down things a man depends on for his support
40 These women are worth money in India
41 Here's a hat you can talk through divinely
42 This just about sums everything up (abbr.)
43 Dirty necks, dirty noses, and dirty nuisances (Darlings, aren't they?)
44 Imprecation addressed to bovine nurses, urging them to equestriate their animated conveyances
45 Beginning to totter
47 June-moon-swoon goons
49 Cause of the world's splitting headache
51 One of the better-known Murphys
52 Butters
55 Scram!
57 *Mites* found on shopping lists (anag.)
60 They give me the shivers at mealtimes
61 Durned furriner
63 It's being elevated on the RR.
65 Kind of date
66 What it takes for dentists to extract those big fees
67 The ol' jizzmo
68 He looks his best but feels his worst hanging around the women
69 Collection agents with clubs

REDSKELTON HASH
ARIA ELATE INTO
GRAVY DETRACTOR
SLEEP LEVY SOS
RARE REAL LE
LIPSTICK SHOP S
EDS SENOR SOUTH
PLAY SURER TRIO
RELET DENIM GEE
E MARS ADVISERS
CP RAKE SANE
HAS MILE LENDS
ADAMSRIBS DORIC
URGE TOROS RULE
NEON STOOPNAGLE

December Answer

VERTICAL

1 Not pres.
2 Potbellied things that stand around, taking the butt end of everything
3 A collection of physical jerks operating as an active unit
4 He makes the divinest sounds as he plays with his hands and feet
5 Humpty Dumpty put together again
6 Hangover at the opera
7 The eyes have it
8 Tra these on your liltivator
9 Nature's hell raisers
10 Big ones, little ones, fat ones, skinny ones, tall ones, short ones (fem.)
11 The *tide* flows backward (anag.)
12 Atomic rain
13 Parts of the Turkish bath Scotchmen take their clams for steaming
21 Take it on the chin
25 Herb
27 Roman moolah
28 Grabiterias
29 Spur of Old Man of the Mountains
30 Neff few wins curts
31 We wish these'd follow the example of women's skirts
33 Frightfly hordnry Britishers are found in hit
34 Seagoing grease monkey
37 Plays a sharp tune on the eardrums
40 Kind of person who never looks forward to the fall—he's too busy pushing people around
41 Jerk in the path of progress
43 Our loss
44 128-0
46 Hangover
48 The poet, addressing the forest (I thinks)
50 He goes round and round trying to make it in four minutes
53 It's skinny and likely to break out in a rash
54 You get life, if you get this (anag.)
56 It's without a wheel
58 Antidote for women
59 You and me a little better arranged in Technicolor
62 Topsy's side-kick
64 Printer's gimmicks

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

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CASSIDY

Continued from Page 17

against the wall and sneered at it before he went back to the serious creation of cherubs on fleecy clouds.

The phone rang and Steve glanced at his wrist watch as he reached for it. He was not disappointed. It was Marian's cool voice: "Darling, it's five minutes of twelve. I'll meet you in the lobby at twelve sharp."

Steve rushed through his ablutions in the washroom, thinking, as he did every day, how wonderful it was that Marian worked for a firm in the same building. A month of luncheons with Marian had not dimmed the magic.

HIS heart swelled as he watched her come toward him. She was as cool as her voice. Her hand was cool as she slipped it into Steve's. Her smile was nicely controlled. It was that control about everything she was and did that made Steve so proud of her. Marian was a girl to tie to if you wanted stability, and Steve had decided he wanted stability.

A pleased smile came into her eyes as she said, "My new boss took charge this morning. I know I'm going to like Mr. Caldwell. He's dignified. He smokes cigarettes. The office won't smell of those vile cigars any more. He's young and studious-looking."

Gaston's was table d'hôte for eighty-five cents—potage du jour, veal ragout, and little French pastries. You saved money by eating at Gaston's.

Marian brought up the subject of Steve's current job. "Have you finished your work on the Ethereal design, darling?"

Steve shook his head. "Unhuh. It hasn't really jelled yet."

Marian patted his hand. "It will, Stevie. You've just got to make good."

Steve leaned forward and took both her hands in his. "Look, sweet," he pleaded, "what are we waiting for? Let's get married. I'll make good all right. We love each other. We're wasting our time like this."

Marian shook her head determinedly. "We've gone all over that, time after time, Stevie. We'll get married when we have enough money saved for a real home."

Steve sighed. It was all so plain to him, but he just couldn't make Marian see it. It must be that Marian was so much more practical than he.

Back at work, Steve glared glumly at the cherubs. By five o'clock he was beginning to loathe them.

He was in that mood when Hal Gray came through. Gray put his head on one side and studied the design with pursed lips. He shook his head. "I don't know what it is, but it rings no bell with me." He glanced keenly at Steve. "Son," he said, "I think you're trying too hard. Come out and we'll hoist one. I want to talk to you."

Over the first Martini, Hal said soberly, "Look, Steve. There's just one thing wrong with you. You're trying too hard. Just relax and let it flow out."

Steve parted with Hal outside the bar and headed for Greenwich Village. Marian was cooking dinner for him, as she did often.

Marian met him at the door, kissed him, then looked at him reproachfully. "Stevie, you've been drinking. Why did you?"

Steve thought fast. He wasn't a good liar. If he told her he had had cocktails with his boss, she would expect too much of the best. Again his thoughts reverted to Cassidy.

"I just met an old friend I knew in the Marines. A fellow named Cassidy." With that as a springboard, his imagination took off. He tossed words earnestly against the cold wall that had arisen between Marian and himself. "I just couldn't turn Cassidy down. After all, Cassidy saved my life on Iwo Jima."

Interest displaced the frigid displeasure in Marian's eyes. "What sort of a fellow is this Cassidy? You never told me about it before. Tell me now."

Out of four years' Marine experience, three of them active ones in the Pacific, Steve drew forth the high lights. He compressed them all into one vivid account of Iwo Jima. Out of the tale Cassidy emerged as a modern paladin.

A FEW hours later, going home, Steve said to himself, "Now why in heck did *I* start that Cassidy business? I must have been crazy."

Next morning he leaned back in his chair and scowled darkly at Cassidy. "You black Irish tramp, you," he said. He transferred his scowl, still storm-scudded, to the chubby cherubs. He looked from them back to Cassidy. "I suppose you," he said aloud to Cassidy, "could do it better. Yeah, I know how you'd draw them."

He tacked a fresh sheet of drawing paper on the board and sketched rapidly. The cherubs that emerged still sat on fleecy clouds. They still had halos. But the halos were worn at an impish angle, and just the faintest suspicion of fancy little horns made their curls far from angelic. They leered down at Milady, exuding an aura of sophisticated ideas that never should have occurred to cherubs. Milady emerged as Cassidy would have her. She was slinky, with seductive curves. Her mouth and eyes looked toward Cassidy provocatively as she reached for the perfume borne toward her.

Cassidy went right on inspiring the job. Boldly Steve penciled Cassidy's name for the perfume across the clouds, "Cherchez l'Homme."

When he had finished he leaned back and surveyed Cassidy's job. "I hope you're satisfied," he growled.

Then Steve Oliver himself came back to work. He was pulling the thumbtacks from the board preparatory to tossing Cassidy's job into the wastebasket when the door behind him opened and the usual morning breeze came in.

Behind him, Babs gasped. "Saaaay!" she said breathlessly. "You've got something there."

She reached over his shoulder for the drawing and held it at arm's length before her.

Steve jumped up, shouting, "Hey!" But it was too late. The door banged behind Babs and Cassidy's creation.

When she returned, both Sarah Carew and Hal Gray were with her. Sarah was wearing a fine glow. "Steve," she exclaimed, "it's swell! It's a grand idea!"

Hal Gray said, "It's what I've been trying to tell you—that is relaxing and letting it flow. We've got the basis of a great idea there."

Hal became crisply businesslike. "Call Oblonsky right away, Sarah. I want him to see that."

When Sarah came back, her glow was pronouncedly warmer. "Oblonsky wants us to go right over. We'll have a session over lunch."

Prince Oblonsky was a fat little man who chewed black cigars and didn't look a bit like his Arabian Nights offices on Park Avenue.

"It's on the right track," said he, nodding at the drawing. He closed one eye and studied the cherubs for the hundredth time. "Even more so, you might make them."

Steve left the office at seven o'clock with ideas bobbing in his mind like thistledown on a summer breeze. He was still in an effervescent mood as he sprang up the flight of stairs to Marian's apartment. Even the frigid displeasure in Marian's manner failed to more than dampen his spirits.

"You're late," she said accusingly. She very obviously sniffed his breath when he kissed her. "I suppose," she said, "it was Cassidy again."

Steve grasped eagerly at the idea. "Yes, it was. You see, Cassidy and I are working together on the Oblonsky account now."

"Stevie," Marian said plaintively, "I'm ashamed of you. You know how much I wanted you to make good on that Oblonsky account—on your very own. And now this Cassidy is going to cop all the credit."

THE dinner was distinctly a stretch of painful moments. And next day Steve wasn't so sure about the Cassidy business as he had been at the luncheon conference with Oblonsky and the others.

When the phone rang before noon, Steve answered to say, "Gee, sugar, but I can't make it. They've got me swamped in this campaign."

"I suppose," Marian said acidly, "it's Cassidy again."

"Of course he's in on it," Steve said.

"I think you are acting absolutely

(*Continued on page 62*)

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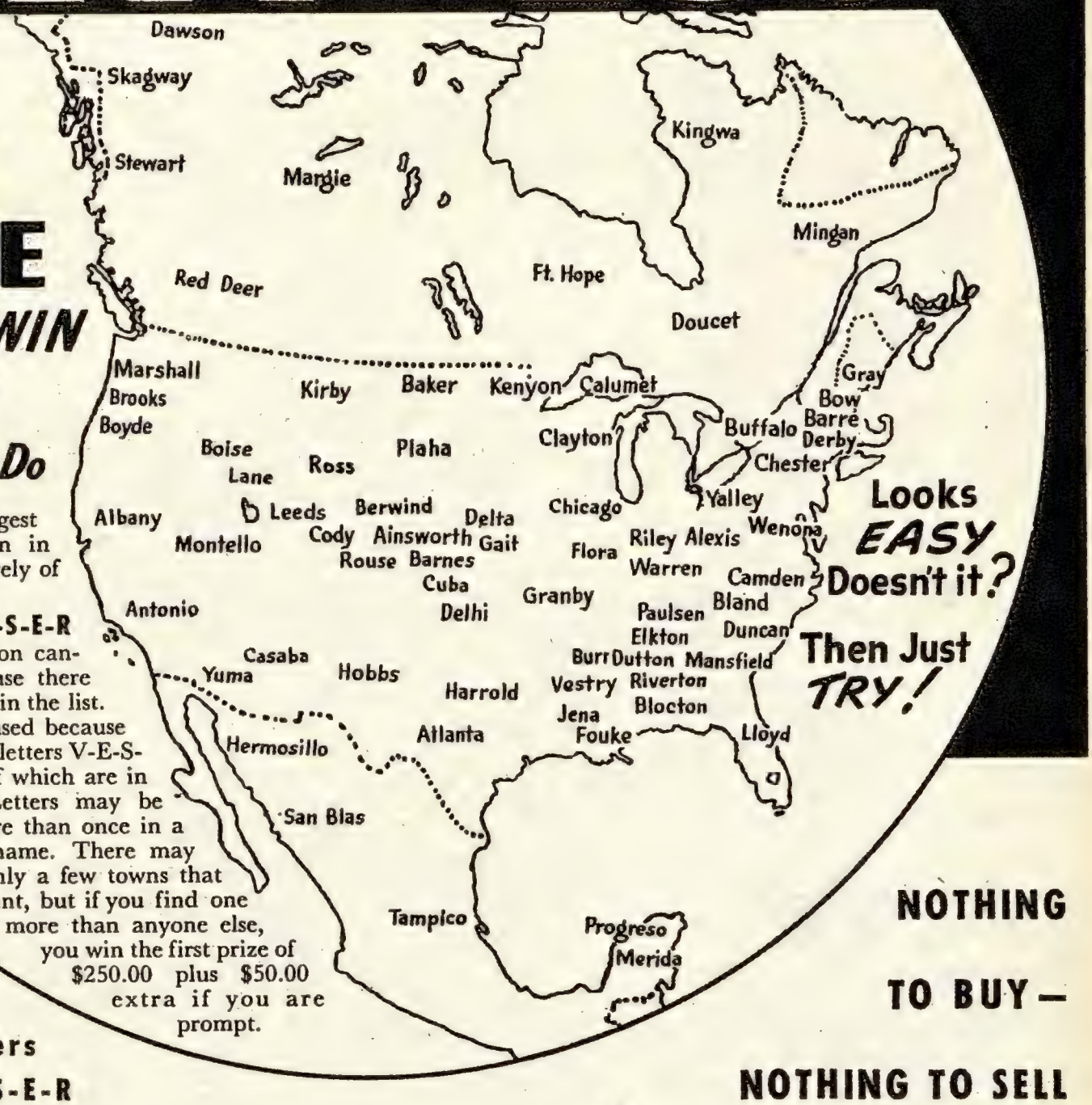
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(*Continued from page 60*)

crazy to trust him. He'll have your job one of these days, and then you'll remember my advice."

"Not Cassidy," Steve said confidently. "Say, how about dinner tonight? I'll probably be late. I don't expect to get away before seven. Can't we go out somewhere for dinner?"

"You can ask your friend Cassidy," Marian snapped. "Mr. Caldwell has asked me to have dinner with him. I can depend on him not keeping me waiting while he stands in bars with disreputable old friends." The telephone went *click!* in his ear.

AT five o'clock Hal Gray came into the office, saying, "Break it off, Steve. We've all been putting in too many hours on this business. Keep it up and we'll go stale. The occasion calls for a soothing drink."

Steve didn't remember Marian till he was on the street. Then he saw her with a man whom he gathered was Caldwell. Caldwell was tall and thin. Pale eyes glittered behind glasses perched on his thin nose.

Marian saw him and left Caldwell for a moment. "I suppose," she said, as Hal withdrew a few steps, "that is your friend Cassidy."

Steve shook his head. "No," he said gravely, "that's not Cassidy. It's—"

"And," she interrupted, "I like the way you work overtime."

"Oh, we're just going out for a bite to eat before we settle down to work," Steve lied.

"I don't believe it," Marian said flatly, and returned to Caldwell.

Hal Gray said, "Isn't that the girl friend, Steve? Could she be cheating on you?"

"With that pillar of frosted rectitude?" Steve scoffed. "He can't make me worry about my girl."

Just the same, he was worrying as he sat before his drawing board the next morning, working on cherubs that were fast becoming more and more like leprechauns.

He was deep in his work when Babs came in. "Hey," she called. "Here's one for the book. The girl at the switchboard was just telling me that some girl has been calling up asking for Cassidy. At first the operator thought the other party had the wrong number. But she said she wanted the Gray Advertising Agency and she wanted to speak to Mr. Cassidy. Riddle me that one, Cassidy."

Steve shook his head. "It's beyond me. You're the only one I know who calls me that fool name." But even as he said it a cold lump of premonition settled in the pit of his stomach.

The cold lump came back when Marian phoned just before twelve. "If you can tear yourself away from Cassidy," she said icily, "meet me at Gaston's at twelve."

She was waiting for him at a table in a corner. He hurried across the restaurant. "Listen, darling," he said swiftly, "I can explain everything."

"You," she said coldly, "will listen to me.

"Some things," she said distinctly, "I can excuse. I can excuse your being late. I might even excuse your drinking occasionally. But I cannot excuse downright falsehood. You and your Mr. Cassidy!"

"Listen, honey," Steve said desperately. "I can explain. I—"

"Oh, I've no doubt you can find some glib explanation. But I'm not listening. I called up your agency to ask for Mr. Cassidy. I was not attempting to meddle. I just wanted to meet him and have a good talk about you, about your prospects, and about how necessary it is for you to settle down seriously to your work if you wish to make good. And there is no Mr. Cassidy in the Gray Agency," she snapped. "There never has been any Mr. Cassidy there."

She stood up swiftly, very straight, very cold and aloof, just as Steve sat down. Something fell sparkling from her hand to the tablecloth in front of Steve. Steve stared at it as she said, "There is your ring. I could never marry a congenital liar." With that she walked out.

As Steve walked out a few minutes later he was conscious of one great, growing emotion—relief. He felt as though he had just escaped something dire. Now he saw that Marian's cool poise merely showed a will hammered out of steel.

In the street he stopped, conscious that he was hungry. He crossed the avenue and entered the Golden Galleon. He had always wanted to try it. But Marian had always insisted that it was too expensive.

HE was on the street again after a very satisfactory lunch, when the full realization of it all hit him. He halted, his smile growing. "Why," he said aloud, "I'm free! Do you hear that, Cassidy? I'm free!"

He strode toward the office. Freedom put springs into the heels of his shoes and made him bounce as he walked.

He met Babs in the outer office and beamed on her. Her eyes widened as she said, "Where did you get it? And what does it cost? Tell me and I'll buy you a whole case of it."

"You said something the other day," Steve said. "You said you could go for a guy like Cassidy. You said he was just your type."

"O.K., so I said it. You want to make something of it?"

"That's it exactly. What do you say to having dinner with me? What do you say to stepping out as soon as we leave this treadmill tonight? How about it?"

"Cassidy," Babs said, her face shining, "you make a gal believe in prayer. The answer is yes."

Steve bounced into his office. He flicked the brim of his hat in an insouciantly gay gesture toward his desk, "Hello, Cassidy. Hiyah, pal."

THE END

THE BODY MISSED THE BOAT

Continued from Page 47

"But what about Mr. Mallory?"

"Mallory!" sniffed Philippa. "Who's he worth five thousand dollars to, even alive?"

"Are you trying to tell me Mr. Mallory isn't alive?"

"Would he be rolled up like a rug in a gorilla box if he was alive?"

"Why wasn't he discovered when the animals were fed? You feed them in the early morning, don't you?" I asked when I could speak.

"Not the day they're going to be shipped."

"By George," I said, "somebody knew that. The box might have been shipped off without the body being discovered. We'll go see the police, and I'll have to get off a cable to the Department."

THE Commissaire de Police, M. Anatole Mauclerc, had once been an agent of the Sûreté, and a fairly distinguished one. He came to the Consulate after he had made his preliminary examination. "There are no marks on the body," he told me. "The cause of death seems almost certainly to have been poison. Death probably took place between midnight and six this morning. I think we can assume that the body was placed in the box within at most three hours of death." He threw up his hands. "Hundreds of fingerprints. Footprints, the same."

He next questioned Jimmy Beach, Yvette, and myself. Yvette had last seen Mallory when he left the office Saturday afternoon. Sunday evening she had gone to Leopoldville and returned shortly before midnight. Leopoldville, the capital of the Belgian Congo, is just across the river from Brazzaville.

"And while you were in Leo?"

"I wish to say nothing about my private affairs." Yvette exited with a triumphant flip of her behind.

Jimmy too had gone to Leopoldville that evening, returning earlier than Yvette. He had spent the rest of the evening with friends.

After M. Mauclerc had left, Larry Brune phoned to ask me to come over and have a drink at Hilary Judd's house. Hilary was an English girl who worked, as did Larry, at Radio Brazzaville. Philippa lived with her between trips into the bush. I found them all in the living room.

"Poor Freddy," smiled Hilary, handing me a highball. "You've had a bad day, haven't you?" Unlike others in this sultry spot, Hilary preserved the bloom that might follow an afternoon of tennis and strawberries in the vicar's garden.

"I wonder if you realize, Freddy," said Larry, "how close a popularity contest between Mallory and Pierre Laval would have been at Radio Brazzaville?"

"Are you suggesting that somebody at the radio station actually murdered Mallory?"

"I think it's possible. You know Hilda Weissman and her admirer, Boris Chor, don't you? Boris is a Croat. Hilda's mother was an American, but Hilda herself is a German Jewish refugee, which in Mallory's eyes made her ipso facto a Communist. She tried several times to get a visa for the States."

"Would Boris Chor have had any way of knowing how and when the animals were going to be shipped out?" I wondered.

"I don't think anybody except Philippa knew that," said Larry.

THE next morning Jimmy Beach brought me a telegram, from Washington decoded and typed.

Department concurs with advisability of assigning American investigator to case. FBI representative will proceed to Brazzaville by fastest possible means.

Department has instructed Consul Ethelbert Stone from Luanda to proceed immediately to Brazzaville to take temporary charge of Consulate. This implies no lack of merit on your part. Byrnes

Luanda, the capital of Portuguese West Africa, was about three hundred miles away. Leopoldville would have been closer, of course, just across the river, but the Consul there was on leave. The FBI man had been M. Mauclerc's suggestion.

Mr. Ethelbert Stone arrived later in the day. He was tall and slender, with a touch of the military in his squared shoulders. There were flecks of grey in his dark hair and in his crisp mustache.

I met him and drove him to the consular residence, which stood not far from our favorite café, Nello's. Over lunch he had me tell him everything that had happened. He made very few comments. At the Consulate, later, he was greeted warmly by Yvette and Jimmy Beach, who had worked with him while he was consul in Brazzaville preceding Mallory. Stone spent the rest of the afternoon going through files. When I suggested that he come along to my house for dinner, he agreed with some alacrity.

We had just sat down to a highball when Philippa Darrow burst through the door.

"Miss Darrow," I began, "may I present . . ."

"Later, Freddy, later," Philippa broke in. "This is no time for protocol. Grab your hat." She seized my arm and spun me out of my chair. With her other hand she picked up the whisky bottle from the sideboard and took a long pull. "Come on, Freddy, shake the lead out. Somebody's just pinched a car from the radio station."

THE truck sailed up the steep road toward the red stone cathedral. A little way below it Larry was waiting.

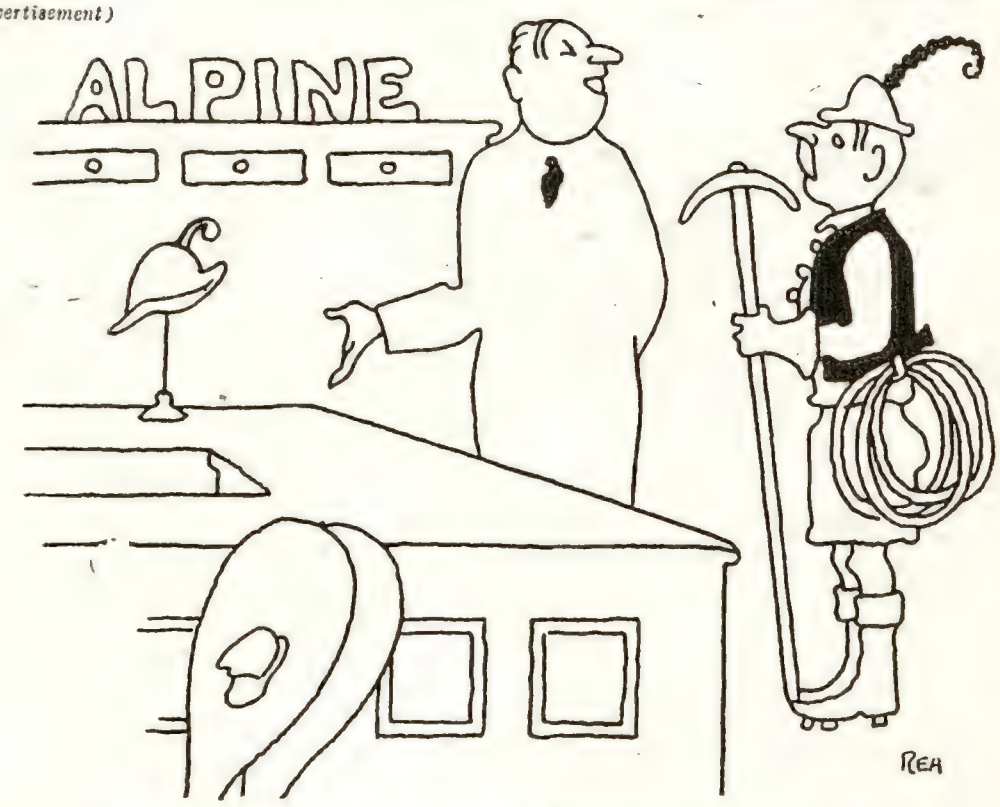
"Straight ahead," he cried. "All we need now is the kitchen stove." This was directed at Hilary, who had hopped aboard with him. He dumped her onto my lap.

"What's it all about, Freddy?" she said.

"Darned if I know." It felt wonderful, holding her like that.

"I'd finished my broadcast," Larry told us, "and the car was supposed to take me to Nello's. The driver was waiting for me at the head of the

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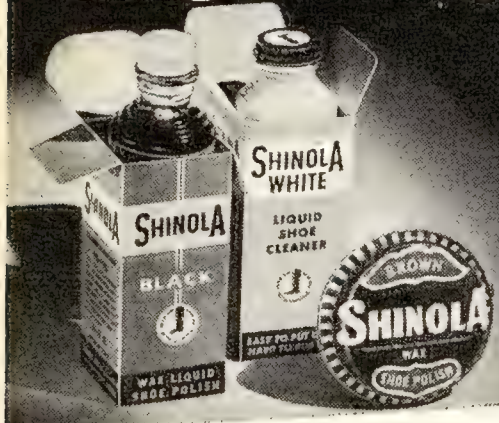
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steps, not more than fifty yards from it, when suddenly it pulled away with no lights. He had left the key in it. Philippa came along just then. It struck me we'd better have somebody in authority along, so I told her to get Freddy."

We were crossing the brow of the hill, and a tiny red speck seemed to be in the bottom of the next valley. Philippa stopped the truck. From the valley bottom came dull thuds.

"Somebody's chopping wood," I said.

Philippa gave a yell. "Hell's blistering bells! There's a bridge down there! He's working on it with an ax!"

"Wait a minute," said Hilary. "The light's gone out."

We had coasted halfway down when the red light flashed on again, moving up the opposite hill. As our headlights picked up the bridge Philippa jammed on the brakes and jumped out, flashlight in hand.

"Not a chance," she said, returning. "Not even with a kiddy-car, let alone this galloping thundermug."

The little red light whisked over a ridge. Suddenly the long carrying stillness of the valley was pierced by a wild laugh, shrill and mocking.

Larry said slowly, "I've heard that laugh before."

"Hilda Weissman," Hilary said.

OUR FBI man, Flannegan, arrived early next morning. Stone and I got him through customs, then drove him to my house. I had a small extra bedroom. We gave him breakfast and the facts of the case.

M. Mauclerc telephoned, and we asked him over. He arrived a few minutes later, bubbling with politeness and criminology.

"What's he talking about?" asked Flannegan.

"He says," replied Stone, "that as a former member of the Sûreté, he is delighted to cooperate with a member of the distinguished FBI."

"Okay," said Flannegan, "but let him do the cooperating."

Stone and I left them presently, and went to the Consulate.

In the afternoon M. Mauclerc came to tell us that the stolen car had just been seized, somewhere beyond Point Noire. Chor and Fräulein Weissman were in it. The two had been taken into custody and placed in separate confinement.

That night after Flannegan had gone to bed, I went out for a walk. There were lights in the windows of Hilary's house and I thought it might cheer me up if I dropped in. She and Philippa and Larry had just finished dinner. They seemed glad to see me, and it was almost midnight before I realized it. Hilary was due at the radio station, and I undertook to walk there with her.

The narrow road was deserted. Hilary's hand lay on my arm as we walked, and I was acutely aware of her country-garden fragrance.

When we neared the station she reached up and patted my cheek.

"Good night, Freddy," she whispered. "It's been a lovely walk."

She ran up the path, and I turned down the hill, not sure if I was walking on air or on ashes.

I decided I'd better look in on Flannegan and make sure he was all right. I pushed his door softly open. His mosquito net was ripped aside. Flannegan lay face down on the bed, his skull split wide, and a pool of blood slowly spreading across his white pillow. His heart was still beating. I went to phone M. Mauclerc.

"Don't touch anything," he said. "I'll be there in ten minutes."

I tried to get Stone's house but there was no reply.

M. Mauclerc arrived wearing an overcoat over an old-fashioned nightshirt, bringing a French surgeon, Dr. Grolier. An ambulance followed. I led the way to the extra bedroom. Then I went and got myself a drink. When the ambulance had pulled away from the house, M. Mauclerc rejoined me.

"Dr. Grolier thinks he'll live," he said. "Unfortunately, he won't be able to talk rationally for a good many hours, perhaps days."

THE next afternoon Boris Chor and Hilda Weissman were to be questioned in the office of M. Jonval, director of Radio Brazzaville. Stone and I went over.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mauclerc after the introductions, "Fräulein Weissman has told us that she, and she alone, poisoned the late American consul. M. Chor, on the other hand, persists in telling us that it was he."

Jonval looked at his watch. He pressed a button under his desk, and through a loudspeaker in the wall came:

"This is Larry Brune.

"The killer struck again last night. With a savage blow, he—or conceivably she—cracked the skull of Harold Flannegan, special investigator for the FBI sent from the States to cooperate with French authorities on the Mallory case. Luckily, the blow was not fatal. . . ."

"Oh, Boris," Hilda cried, "then it wasn't you!"

"But no, little cabbage," said Boris. "I thought it was you. You came to me in the morning and you told me, 'Boris, we must flee!' "

"Of course. The night before you said, 'Hilda, this is not woman's work. I will kill him.' And in the morning he was dead."

M. Mauclerc said, his voice hard and sharp, "Fräulein Weissman, you were seen passing through M. Mallory's front gate a few minutes before midnight by M. Nello, the proprietor of the café of that name. He was crossing the square on his way home."

Hilda suddenly dropped her head in her hands. "It's true," she choked. "I went there to kill him. Somebody . . . I thought it was Boris . . . somebody had been there before me.

Mallory was dead on the floor."

THE funeral went off rather well. Mr. Sparrowood, the British consul, was present in his cutaway, and the French Administration sent the Secretary General. The only incident that could have been called untoward was contributed by Dr. Jeremy Galbraith, an elderly American missionary who had come in from his distant station to conduct the service. In the closing prayer he suggested that, prayer or no prayer, the soul of Warren Mallory stood very little chance of passing through the pearly gates. But he clothed the sentiment in so much ecclesiastical verbiage that it didn't cause a ripple. I remembered that Mallory had refused a visa to the old man's sick wife, and that she had died here.

Afterward, Dr. Galbraith said he felt too exhausted to go to the cemetery, and Jimmy Beach and I took him back to the hotel at which he was staying for a few days. The bar was cool and inviting, and Larry Brune found us there.

"Well, who was there and what happened?"

I told him.

"Humph," grunted Larry. "I think I'll slip upstairs and have a word with the good doctor himself."

Later, as I was locking up the Consulate, Mauclerc bounded in. "Look," he exclaimed. Wrapped in a silk handkerchief was the rung of a chair, with dark stains and bits of matter at one end of it.

"M. Flannegan's fleeing assailant had apparently tossed it into a tree, from which it was dislodged by a slight wind, striking on the head one of my men who was looking about your yard this afternoon," he said. "Now I'm off to the laboratory."

That night it seemed that my eyes had been closed only a few seconds when I woke with sharp suddenness. The room was full of moonlight coming through the big window. The door was opening and a face peered through the crack, a face such as I had never seen on a human being. I realized that it was Mama Bu-bu.

My eyes moved until they could see the window. The head of a native policeman was rising above the sill, and he was aiming a rifle. There was a sharp crack and a zing past my nose. Mama Bu-bu uttered a howl of annoyance and sprang onto my bed, ripping the net. She stood upright, one foot on my stomach.

The policeman fired again, and Mama Bu-bu howled again. Suddenly she leapt for the window. The policeman's head vanished. The gorilla made a wild plunge for the nearest mango tree, caught a branch and swung herself up into it.

I sat up in bed, disentangling myself from the net. The policeman's face reappeared at the window.

"Are you all right, M'sieur?"

"Yes," I said, "I'm all right. Ma'amselle Darrow must be informed immediately. You stay here and keep an eye on that tree, while I go tell her. Don't shoot again if you can help it. That's a quarter-of-a-million-francs' worth of gorilla."

LATER that morning M. Mauclerc paid a call at the Consulate. "My native assistant," he told us, "has been questioning M. Mallory's houseboy, Sylvestre B'Wani, and late last night the boy broke down. My assistant has translated his story into French."

M. Mauclerc handed several typewritten sheets to Stone, and I read with him over his shoulder.

"Last Sunday Mlle. Darrow comes to the house of my *patron* just before dinner," it began. "She is very angry. They have a loud conversation which I do not understand. She shakes her fist at him when she leaves."

After dinner, the boy stated, Mallory ordered him to slip into the yard where Miss Darrow's animals were waiting to be shipped and open Mama Bu-bu's box. The boy had been afraid not to obey.

The boy's story ended, "Then my *patron* says, 'Sylvestre, while you do the job I will drive on to the house of M. Beach and in half an hour I will pick you up.' So I do it. Then my *patron* comes in his car and he laughs all the way home."

Yvette looked into the room. "Miss Darrow is here," she said.

"Ask her to come in," said Stone.

Philippa bowled into the office. Her red hair was more awry even than usual. She slumped onto the settee. "Boys, I'm bushed," she announced. "Been up all night with a sick gorilla."

"How is she?" asked M. Mauclerc sympathetically.

"Pretty good. Taking nourishment."

"Somebody's arm?" I asked.

Philippa gave me a look of weary disdain. "What's all this about you finding out who let her loose?"

"Ma'amselle," said M. Mauclerc, his voice silkily amiable, "I would like you to tell me again what your movements were last Sunday night."

"Well, I sat around the house drinking a few drinks with Larry and Hilary. As usual. About half-past seven they went off to the radio station, and I went to Nello's to get dinner. When I drove past Mallory's house I decided to drop in and give him another dose of hell on account of his reducing the quota on my monkeys. So I did. Took about five minutes. Then I went to Nello's and ate. Sat around until maybe ten, gabbing. Then I drove over to the hotel. Jimmy Beach was there and I shot some pool with him. We quit just before twelve because Jimmy was supposed to pick up Yvette Armenois at midnight."

"Then where did you go?"

"Home. Larry Brune was there and we played gin until about three. Jimmy Beach dropped in for a nightcap after he took Yvette home.

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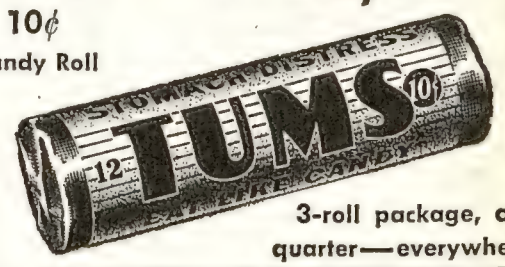


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And Hilary came back about one, I guess. Come to think of it, Jimmy drove to the station and fetched her.

After she went out Jimmy was called in. His account of his movements checked with Philippa's.

M. Mauclerc left us then, and Stone went out on some errand. Around one-thirty Larry Brune phoned to suggest lunch at Nello's, and he picked me up a few minutes later.

"FREDDY, I've got a theory," he said when we sat down. "It depends a good deal on Stone's whereabouts last Sunday night."

"I suppose we could find out when he left Luanda."

"*You* could find out," said Larry. "You could wire the Consulate on some pretext or other and get an answer back in a jiffy."

"Gosh, Larry," I said, "Vice-consuls don't check on consuls."

"Exactly what I told Hilary. She was all for asking you to do it, and I said you couldn't afford to."

I didn't really believe that Hilary had said any such thing. But once I started thinking about her I was done for. "All right, Machiavelli," I said. "I'll do it. I'll do it right after we eat this lunch."

"Attaboy," said Larry with a grin.

THE answer to my carefully worded wire came that evening as I was dressing for a dinner the Sparrowoods were giving. I tore the telegram open and my hands began to shake.

Amconsul Brazzaville 22 September 16 ten A.M. Reference Consulates 12 September 15 Five P.M. Para Stone left Luanda for Leopoldville morning of September ninth at approximately six A.M.

Jenkins acting

Thirty-six hours before he got his instructions and the morning of the day Mallory was killed!

I arrived at the party early, hoping to catch a word with Larry before Stone arrived, but the two turned up at almost the same time, Larry with Hilary and Philippa.

Hilary took my breath away. She wore sleeveless printed chiffon. Her arms and throat were a golden pink in the half light.

For the next ten minutes I tried everything short of standing on my head to attract Larry's attention, but the space was too small, the group too rapidly shifting, for me to get him aside unnoticed.

We had just begun dinner when a white-coated boy entered the room and spoke softly to our host. Mr. Sparrowood then caught my eye. He leaned across the table, pitching his voice low. "Chap in the hall wants to see you, Benson. Says it's rather urgent."

I asked Mrs. Sparrowood to excuse me and went out. The native who was waiting for me was an orderly from the hospital. "M. Benson?" he asked and handed me a hastily scribbled note.

M. Benson:

Your compatriot, Dr. Galbraith, is extremely ill. He thinks, and I am afraid I agree, that he is going to die before the night is ended. He is ardently desirous of a few words with you. Please come at once or as soon as possible.

Dr. J. Grolier.

IT was three quarters of an hour before I got back. The house was silent. As I entered the hallway I could see the crimson pinpoints of cigarettes and the larger red glow of cigars in the dim garden beyond. Larry stepped just then out of the lavatory near the front door.

"Stone left Luanda at six last Sunday morning," I told him.

Larry gave a low whistle. "Good work, Freddy," he said out of the side of his mouth, then turned and ambled casually toward the garden.

I must have looked pretty ghostly for Stone's brisk, "Well, Benson?" was interrupted by Mr. Sparrowood saying, "Brandy, old boy."

I drank it at a swallow. "Dr. Galbraith has just died," I said.

There was a silence. Then Stone snapped, "Why did he want to see you?"

"Mallory's murderer confessed to him. After the funeral."

Mr. Sparrowood's voice, held in a vise to conversational level asked, "Did he say who it was?"

"No. He died with it on his lips."

I thought I heard someone's quick intake of breath.

"Did he use pronouns?" asked Larry. "He or she?"

"He used 'he' throughout."

"Mr. Brune," said Stone, "when you were gathering material for your radio account of Mr. Mallory's funeral, didn't you pay a call on Dr. Galbraith? Shortly after the service?"

"Why, yes," said Larry. "I believe I did. But do you really think I'm the confessing type?"

"I wouldn't know," said Stone.

"I'll tell you something you do know," said Larry. "You know who killed Mallory. I think I do, too."

NEXT morning the messenger from the telegraph office wheezed up to the Consulate driveway on his bicycle. I took the two telegrams he thrust at me and signed his book.

"Telegrams, eh?" said Stone, appearing behind me.

"Both for Larry Brune," I said. "I'll tell the boy to take them to the radio station."

"You'll do nothing of the sort." Stone snatched them from my hand.

Just then one of the radio station cars sprayed gravel in the driveway. Hilary waved to me and waited in it. Larry bounded up the steps and said, "Did a couple of telegrams come here for me? Telegraph office says they sent 'em over."

I nodded. "Yes, Stone has them."

Larry turned to him. "Sorry to bother you. Some people always think you're in care of the local consulate."

Stone said, "These telegrams are sent to you in care of me. And I happen to be in partial charge of a murder investigation. They might have some bearing on the case."

Larry reached for the envelopes as Stone drew them to his chest.

"Look, Stone," said Larry. "I'm likely to lose my temper."

"Lose it," said Stone. "See what it gets you."

I could swear I heard the crack of fist on jaw before I saw anybody's hands move. Stone went over backwards in his chair and lay still.

Larry leaned down and took the two envelopes. He grinned at me and walked out to the car. He passed Hilary, who was rushing up to the verandah. "What's happened, Freddy?" she cried in alarm.

"Larry just laid the boss out cold."

"What will happen to Larry?"

"Nothing," I said. "Stone had it coming to him, as I'll cheerfully testify if anybody makes trouble."

"Freddy," she said, "why do you stick by riff-raff like us?"

I took a deep breath. "It's because I love you, Hilary. I love you so much that it feels like malaria."

Somehow my arms had got around her, and I was kissing her.

A shout came from Larry, out in the driveway. "What's the State Department coming to!"

WHEN I went home for lunch, Larry was on my front porch. "Does that radio of yours have a phonograph attachment?" he began.

"No. It has a plug for one, though."

"Good. You're going to invite a select list of guests to hear a special broadcast by yours truly at six tonight. Actually, it will be only a recording. I'll have a playback hooked on and hidden in the kitchen, and I'll run it. At six o'clock you start fiddling with the dials. Then you say, 'I think I've got it,' switch to the attachment and I'll start the recording. We want Hilary and Philippa, Stone and Jimmy Beach and Yvette. Mr. and Mrs. Sparrowood, Hilda and Boris. And Jonval."

"How about M. Mauclerc?"

"By all means. I'll get hold of him and the radio people if you'll corral the others."

It took some arranging, and the fact that I finally got the lot of them in my living room, convinced me that I was in the right work, after all. At one minute to six, I leaned over the radio, did as Larry had directed and we heard:

"This is Larry Brune speaking.

"This afternoon, Radio Brazzaville brings you a special broadcast to announce the solution of the gorilla box murder of American Consul Warren E. Mallory.

"Six months before the end of the war in Europe, Warren Mallory, American Embassy in Lisbon, was transferred to Brazzaville as Consul. He left on the Portuguese steamer *Vasco da Gama,* bound for Luanda, en route to his new post. He never reached Luanda. The body found in the gorilla box was not the body of Warren E. Mallory.

"When Warren Mallory boarded the ship, a Nazi agent, a man who spoke perfect English, who had perhaps lived in America, and who bore at least a passing resemblance to Mallory, boarded it too. Somewhere between Lisbon and Luanda, Warren Mallory was quietly tossed overboard, and a smooth Nazi agent proceeded to Brazzaville where he duly installed himself as Mallory and set about creating hatred for the United States. A short time ago, the American Consul at Luanda, Ethelbert Stone, got wind of the unbelievable story. Stone decided to eliminate the Nazi impostor without leaving a trace.

"SUNDAY, September ninth, Stone arrived secretly in Leopoldville, just across the Congo. He got in touch with James Beach and Yvette Armenois, whom he had previously known and so dared take into his confidence. They met Stone in Leopoldville early that evening. He provided young Beach with arsenic, and the latter returned to Brazzaville at half-past nine, prepared to carry out a service to his country. He wasn't very happy about it, though, as shown by the fact that he later felt the need to confess to someone, choosing the American missionary, Dr. Galbraith."

Jimmy Beach bent over, his face in his hands, torn by spasmodic sobs. Stone's face was chalk white.

Larry's voice talked on: "Beach found the pseudo-Mallory waiting at his, Beach's, house while the impostor's terrorized houseboy carried out his master's last act of deviltry, the loosing of a gorilla on the town. It was simple to offer the guest a drink, probably iced tea, for the Nazi, like Hitler, was a teetotaler.

"Later, Beach went to Mallory's house, where he found his victim dead on the floor. Beach carried the body to his car, probably intending to weight it and drop it into the river.

"He was driving past a house where he knew some friends of his would be foregathered. He left the body in the car and stopped in.

"To his consternation, he was asked to pick up another friend of this group in his car. He couldn't think offhand of any reason to refuse. But he had to get rid of the body quickly. In the yard stood the open gorilla box. Beach dumped the body in, pressed the partially ripped away slats back into place, covered the box with its canvas covering, and left.

"This is Larry Brune, bidding you good-afternoon."

I switched off the radio. Beach still sat with his head in his hands.

"Benson, was that damned thing really on the air?"

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Larry stepped in. "No," he answered Stone. "However, it will be if you have no corrections."

"But I have," said Stone. "The real Warren Mallory was set adrift on a life raft which floated him to one of the lonelier Cape Verde Islands. A few weeks ago he was picked up by a Portuguese fishing boat and brought to Luanda. He is now in my house there."

M. Mauclerc was on his feet. "Has it never occurred to you that the pseudo-Mallory had a confederate? That confederate is sitting in this room. I knew that one among us was in the employ of the Nazis. That individual sought to warn the fictitious Mallory that he had been discovered. Failing, the individual made a futile effort to escape."

He swung on his heel. "Hilda Weissman, you are under arrest!"

Hilda sprang to her feet with a scream. Larry whistled, softly, the opening bars of the *Horst Wessel* song. Instinctively, Hilda's shoulders straightened. Then she flung her hand high and cried, "Heil Hitler!"

M. Mauclerc snapped a handcuff on her outstretched wrist.

THE next morning Stone phoned me at the Consulate that it had been agreed with M. Mauclerc that he, Jimmy and Yvette should remain under a sort of house arrest until some decision was reached as to whether they should be guillotined or kissed on both cheeks.

Later M. Mauclerc dropped in to assure me that there would be no prosecution. As he was leaving, Hilary appeared.

"He's a sweet little man," she said when he had gone. "I'm awfully glad he had his moment of triumph. Freddy, I want consular advice, What does a British alien do to marry an American citizen?"

"She just marries him."

"Aren't there forms to fill out?"

"A few. You bring Larry in with you. I'll fix you up." It must be Larry, of course. I'd been blind not to see it.

"Freddy," said Hilary, "Larry and Philippa have been secretly married for almost a year?"

"But why was it kept a secret?" I asked, after a speechless moment.

"You might not think it of Philippa, but she wanted to wait until they could have a church wedding in the States. I dare say with Mama Bu-bu as matron of honor."

"But, Hilary," I said, "if it's not Larry, who is it?"

"Goodness," said Hilary, and her blue eyes were tender, "who was telling me he loved me and kissing me right on the Consulate steps yesterday? In my circles, that constitutes an offer. Maybe you'd better do it again."

Which I did, to the edification of Mr. and Mrs. Sparrowood, arriving to express formal satisfaction at the way matters had turned out. They weren't nearly as satisfied as I was.

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ANSWERS TO WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT 1947?

On Page 18

BY TED SHANE

1. Leo (the Lip) Durocher by Happy Chandler for one season—you guess what team!

2. The Hindus, Moslems, and Sikhs in India.

3. Harry S. Truman, asked by the Republican Congress. All right, Gromyko, too!

4. Winnie Churchill's tag for Henry (Hank) Wallace; William Cimillo, who drove to Florida undetected in a company bus.

5. The biggest smallpox scare in 50 years.

6. Sunny Jim Farley quoted Mrs. F. D. R. thusly in his book, Why I Broke with Roosevelt.

7. Taft-Hartley labor law.

8. Eugene O'Neill: '29, Strange Interlude; '47, The Iceman Cometh.

9. Al Capone, Miami, numerous complications; Benjamin (Buggsy) Siegel, Beverly Hills, lead poisoning.

10. Skirts.

11. Proposed income-tax cut; British tax on American films (poor Hollywood!); speed mark aimed at by British auto racer Cobb.

12. Jet Pilot; Faultless; John Kramer; Mildred (Babe) Didrikson Zaharias.

13. Jack Dempsey; Clara Bow: "answers" to Truth or Consequences' mammoth quiz contest.

14. James Thurber, whose Secret Life of Walter Mitty has become a big hitty.
Gene Autry—did it nervously, too.

15. Boulder to Hoover, by a Republican Congress.

16. Secretary of National Defense, combining War and Navy Depts. James Forrestal.

17. Crossfire. Great Expectations. The Hucksters.

18. American Legion.

19. Army and Notre Dame.

20. Manolete; Grace Moore; Fiorello LaGuardia; Marc Mitscher; Christian X of Denmark and George II of Greece; Benny Leonard.

21. (*a*) A robot-piloted plane. (*b*) Flying disks, still unidentified.

22. Lillybet m. Mountbatten; Durocher m. Day; Bulgaria d. Petkov; Duke m. Rubirosa; Garson d. Ney; Van Johnson m. Mrs. Wynn while divorce was still warm; Mr. America m. Miss Quick Freeze; Pakistan d. India; State Dept. d. Braden; Miranda m. Sebastian; Firestone put the tires on Ford.

23. Fred Allen was blacked off the NBC network for ribbing radio v.-p.s.

24. (*a*) Eva Duarte Perón; (*b*) Mrs. (He's My) Robert Taft; (*c*) Ruth Fischer knifed brother Gerhard Eisler.

25. The Lincoln Papers.

26. The cable cars, in use since 1876.

27. (*a*) Steinbeck's Wayward Bus; (*b*) Gunther's Inside U. S. A.; (*c*) Bemelmans' Dirty Eddie.

28. (*a*) John Dos Passos; (*b*) Edward J. Flynn, Democratic Bronx leader.

29. New comic-strip hero of Milton Caniff, created when Caniff quit doing Terry and the Pirates.

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Liberty

The preservation of freedom
is this magazine's purpose

PAUL HUNTER, *Publisher*
DAVID BROWN, *Editor*

JANUARY 1948

WORK IS THE ONLY MEDICINE

THE recent decisive Conservative victory in British municipal elections has deep meaning for Americans. It means that Socialism has been tried out in Great Britain and has failed. The British Socialist government has been repudiated by the rank and file of Englishmen, particularly in the industrial, or working-class, districts. Those Americans who still believe in New Deal crackpot measures to control business, ought to note well the British experience with Socialism. It failed to produce the goods Britain needs and wants, leading to privation greater than in wartime. It came close to bankrupting what used to be the greatest financial power on earth. Most important, it offered no hope for the future. In returning to Conservatism, Englishmen will have to relearn the basic principles of economics laid down years ago by their own Adam Smith. That principle is, simply, that wealth is created by work. There is no dollar shortage in Britain or elsewhere. There is a shortage of work, of production of goods for which dollars are exchanged. Once this principle is mastered, nobody need fear for the future of Britain. America and its future, lest we forget, are governed by that same principle.

PAUL HUNTER

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*From a Series of Historic Paintings Designed for "Philadelphia"—*The Heritage Whisky*—Famous Since 1894

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